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## LITERATURE.

*Imaginary Portraits.* By Walter Pater. (Macmillan.)

IN this volume are brought together four studies which have appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* between October 1885 and May 1887. They have in common this characteristic, that they are rather products of the imaginative faculty than of the critical, though their production implies a keen and exquisite critical effort and much learning. Another characteristic which they have in common is that they deal with the endeavour at various periods of history—the endeavour in various forms—of the human soul after liberty, light, the better part. Again, the four studies deal each with an unfulfilled endeavour—a failure to reach the crowning goal, however great the gain obtained on the way and by the way.

"A Prince of Court Painters," the first study in the volume, is an effort to understand the true soul of Watteau, whose biography is imperfectly known. Antoine Pater, engraver, of Valenciennes, had a son, Jean Baptiste Pater, nine years younger than Watteau, whose pupil he was, and an important painter of that school. Whether Jean Baptiste's sister really lived I do not know; but we have here extracts from the journal which she kept while she dwelt at Valenciennes, and watched the career of her fellow-townsmen. Watteau was born in 1684, and died in 1721—and our "extracts from an old French journal" begin with September 1701, and thence follow the events of his life, introducing with skilful touch all the characterisation of him which has descended to us from those who knew him, and more—essay-ing with imaginative genius to penetrate to the inward being. The style, both in the sense of texture of prose, and in the larger sense of style, the choice and grouping of details, is very beautiful.

What does the lady, the writer of the diary, think of the inner being of her fellow townsman, her friend from early youth, Antony Watteau, whose name to most of us brings only associations of frivolous delicacy and grace, of silken courtiers, and ladies of the *ancien régime*?

"Methinks Antony Watteau reproduces that gallant world, those patched and powdered ladies and fine cavaliers, so much to its own satisfaction, partly because he despises it: if this be a possible condition of excellent artistic production. . . . Himself really of the old time—that serious old time which is passing away, the impress of which he carries on his physiognomy—he dignifies, by what in him is neither more nor less than a profound melancholy, the essential insignificance of what he wills

to touch in all that; transforming its mere pettiness into grace. . . . For in truth Antony Watteau is still the mason's boy, and deals with that world under a fascination, of the nature of which he is half-conscious methinks, puzzled at 'the queer trick he possesses,' to use his own phrase. You see him growing ever more and more meagre, as he goes through the world and its applause. Yet he reaches with wonderful sagacity the secret of an adjustment of colours, a *coiffure*, a *toilette*, setting I know not what air of real superiority on such things. He will never overcome his early training; and these light things will possess for him always a kind of worth, as characterising that impossible or forbidden world which the mason's boy saw through the closed gateways of the enchanted garden. Those trifling and petty graces, the *insignia* to him of that nobler world of aspiration and idea, even now that he is aware, as I conceive, of their true littleness, bring back to him, by the power of association, all the old magical exhilaration of his dream—his dream of a better world than the real one."

The writer of these words is a beautiful creation, and were it not for the name of the study one might for a moment wonder whether *she* were not the Imaginary Portrait. But it is not so. The device of her existence permits Mr. Pater to essay a Portrait of Watteau without assuming direct responsibility for it.

With two more short extracts I leave this study:

"For the rest, bodily exhaustion, perhaps, and this new interest in an old friend, have brought him tranquillity at last, a tranquillity in which he is much occupied with matters of religion. Ah! it was ever so with me. And one *lives* also most reasonably so. With women, at least, it is so, quite certainly. Yet I know not what there is of a pity which strikes deep, at the thought of a man, a while since so strong, turning his face to the wall from the things which most occupy men's lives.

"He died with all the sentiments of religion. He has been a sick man all his life. He was always a seeker after something in the world, that is there in no satisfying measure, or not at all."

In "Denys l'Auxerrois" it is sought to embody "a quaint legend of a return of a golden or poetically gilded age, as it happened in an ancient town of mediaeval France." In beautiful Auxerre Mr. Pater found in some old stained glass and tapestries "a figure not exactly conformable to any recognised ecclesiastical type"—the builder of the organ of the cathedral of St. Etienne in Auxerre.

"Certainly, notwithstanding its grace, and wealth of graceful accessories, a suffering tortured figure. With all the regular beauty of a pagan god, he has suffered after a manner of which we must suppose pagan gods incapable. It was as if one of those fair, triumphant beings had cast in his lot with the creatures of an age later than his own, people of larger spiritual capacity and assuredly of a larger capacity for melancholy."

The Middle Age Renaissance in France has ere now been studied by Mr. Pater in its manifestation in early French poetry. That "outbreak of the human spirit" is here again the theme; but an effort is made to grasp and typify in one personality that "many-sided but united movement." Here, however, what is prominent is not so much the love of things of the intellect and imagination

as the primal longing of the multitude to cast off all the useless trammelling influences of centuries, to enter into the joy of their lives, to add to political liberty, lately acquired, liberty of heart, liberty of spirit, liberty to be glad.

Denys l'Auxerrois—gardener, vine-dresser, organ-builder—closely resembles Hawthorne's Donatello. Suddenly and oddly he appeared in the public life of Auxerre, a lad of eighteen; and it was as though by his compelling presence people abandoned daily work, and joined in heedless merriment, revel, and dance; for a while life was like a sunny stage-play. This could not last; the reaction of sorrow and suffering came, and the life of Denys, regarded by the people as the author of all their evils, was attempted. Secluded from public hatred in conventual garb and life, the wonderful personality now mightily influenced the throng of artists labouring to finish the cathedral of St. Etienne:

"He defined unconsciously a manner, alike of feeling and expression, to those skilful hands at work day by day with the chisel, the pencil, or the needle, in many an enduring form of exquisite fancy. In three successive phases or fashions might be traced, especially in the carved work, the humours he had determined. There was first wild gaiety, exuberant in a wreath of lifelike imageries, from which nothing really present in nature was excluded. That, as the soul of Denys darkened, had passed into obscure regions of the satiric, the grotesque, and coarse. But from this time there was manifest, with no loss of power or effect, a well-assured seriousness, somewhat jealous and exclusive, not so much in the selection of the material on which the arts were to work as in the precise sort of expression that should be induced upon it. It was as if the gay old pagan world had been *blessed* in some way. . . ."

But Denys was to have one memorial more definite, more positively due to himself, than the sculpture or painting in which he was the inspirer of other artists:

"Above all, there was a desire abroad to attain the instruments of a freer and more various sacred music than had been in use hitherto—a music that might express the whole compass of souls now grown to manhood. . . . It was Denys, at last, to whom the thought occurred of combining in a fuller tide of music all the instruments then in use. Like the Wine-god of old, he had been a lover and patron especially of the music of the pipe in all its varieties. . . . And the building of the first organ became like the book of his life; it expanded to the full compass of his nature, in its sorrow and delight."

The organ music is heard but once while Denys still lives. For immediately afterwards, on his taking part in a pageant, the smothered fury of the people blazes up, and Denys is torn to pieces. Mr. Pater brings the sketch to a close with these words:

"So the figure in the stained glass explained itself. To me, Denys seemed to have been a real resident at Auxerre. On days of a certain atmosphere, when the trace of the Middle Age comes out, like old marks in the stones in rainy weather, I seemed actually to have seen the tortured figure there—to have met Denys l'Auxerrois in the streets."

When Sebastian van Storck was a lad, his tutor wrote to his parents concerning him:

"He seems to me to be one practical in this sense, that his theorems will shape life for him,

directly; that he will always seek, as a matter of course, the effective equivalent to—the line of being which shall be the proper continuation of—his line of thinking."

The line of thinking inevitable to Sebastian was meditation on the Absolute, the One Substance beneath all the accidental, the passing, show called the world—the Universal Mind which alone gives unity and real existence to the congeries called matter. Analysis, metaphysics absorbed all the powers of Sebastian, and grew by what it fed on, so that he came to contemplate seriously the duty of relieving the Absolute of that accident his finite existence. Mr. Pater, in the following passage, sets forth the position:

"The one alone is: and all things beside are but its passing affections, which have no proper right to be.

"As but its accidents or affections, indeed, there might have been found, within the circumference of that one infinite thinker, some scope for the joy and love of the creature. There have been dispositions in which that abstract theorem has only induced a renewed value for the finite interests around and within us. Centre of light and heat, truly nothing has seemed to lie beyond the touch of its perpetual summer. It has allied itself to the poetical or artistic sympathy, which feels challenged to acquaint itself with and explore the various forms of finite existence all the more intimately, just because of that sense of one lively spirit circulating through all things—a tiny particle of the one soul in the sunbeam, or the leaf. Sebastian van Storck, on the contrary, was determined, perhaps, by some inherited satiety or fatigue in his nature, to the opposite issue of the practical dilemma. . . . What he must admire, and love if he could, was "equilibrium," the void, the *tabula rasa*, into which, through all those apparent energies of man and nature, which, in truth, are but forces of disintegration, the world was really settling."

The finest effect is obtained by giving the portrait of this being the rich warm setting of Dutch life in the seventeenth century. The beauty of detail is very great; the life of a prosperous cultivated noble people is set before our eyes; their art, their commerce, the "grave old-world conservative beauty" of their homes, their heroic industry. Incidental mention of the great and ardent souls of whom Holland has been a fruitful mother touches our sympathy, and heightens the wonder of Sebastian's cold existence—a wonder which confounded those who lived beside him. The confessor of Sebastian's Spanish mother, however, thought of the matter most justly.

"The aged man smiled, observing how, even for minds by no means superficial, the mere dress it wears alters the look of a familiar thought, with a happy sort of smile as he added ( . . . quoting Sebastian's favourite pagan wisdom from the lips of Saint Paul), 'In Him we live and move and have our being.'"

Sebastian's fanaticism terminates at length in a black melancholy. He seeks, after a crisis in his history, the cure of the influences of external nature as he loved it, a desolate house amid the sands of the Helder, the haunt of sea-birds. A strong wind changing not for fourteen days floods that portion of the province, and Sebastian's problem is solved. Only when his body was found, a child lay asleep swaddled warm in his heavy furs in an upper room of the old

tower, to which the tide was almost risen. In the saving of this child with a great effort Sebastian had lost his life.

The background of the last portrait of the volume is Germany in the beginning of the eighteenth century; the subject is a young German duke whose desire is "to bring Apollo with his lyre to Germany." In his endeavour to fulfil this desire he is at first terribly astray, for his ideal is the contemporary French ideal—"Apollo in the dandified costume of Louis XIV." But the mistake, inevitable for a German who lived before Winckelmann and Lessing, was largely repaired by the truthful and vigorous spirit in which it was made:

"In art, as in all other things of the mind, much depends on the receiver; and the higher informing capacity, if it exist within, will mould an unpromising matter to itself, will realise itself by selection, and the preference of the better in what is bad, or indifferent, asserting its prerogative under the most unlikely conditions. People had in Carl, could they have understood it, the spectacle, under those superficial braveries, of a really heroic effort of mind at a disadvantage."

It is hardly possible within the limits of a review to say more than that Carl's aspiration is not after better art alone, he really hungers for a fuller, nobler life in every sense—an enlightenment, *Aufklärung*. The reader must judge for himself of the beauty of Mr. Pater's description of his flight from the little duchy, and the long ramble from city to city by the Rhine until the Italian mountain gates are seen. At length this conviction comes to Carl:

"Straight through life, straight through nature and man, with one's own self-knowledge as a light thereon, not by way of the geographical Italy and Greece, lay the road to the new Hellas, to be realised now as the outcome of home-born German genius."

The aspirations of which Mr. Pater means Duke Carl to be an embodiment, found their fulfilment in the later half of the century. Goethe's mother describes the genius of the *Aufklärung*, for whom Lessing and Herder had made straight paths:

"There skated my son like an arrow among the groups. Away he went over the ice like a son of the gods. Anything so beautiful is not to be seen now. I clapped my hands for joy." "In that amiable figure," remarks Mr. Pater, "I seem to see the fulfilment of the *Resurgam* on Carl's empty coffin—the aspiring soul of Carl himself in freedom and effective at last."

T. W. LYSTER.

*Lectures and Essays.* By Stafford Henry Northcote, First Earl of Iddesleigh. (Blackwood.)

No public man of our own times has better deserved or more largely secured the goodwill of his countrymen than the late Lord Iddesleigh. His name, indeed, is unassociated with any great political achievement, nor will he take high rank among the writers of the age; but in all that he said and in all that he did he ever showed himself a courteous and cultivated gentleman, honestly desirous of promoting the good of his fellow-men. And this volume is a fair reflection of its author.

It is not brilliant, original, or profound; but throughout its pages are the evidences of sound judgment, good taste, wide sympathies, and genuine culture. Didactic a lecturer must be, yet the vein of playful humour which comes from time to time to the surface, prevents Lord Iddesleigh from being dry, while a seriousness of purpose, unobtrusive but always present, elevates him above the mere entertainer.

The editor has done wisely in placing at the beginning of the volume the essay which Stafford Northcote wrote for the English prize at Oxford in 1840. Its subject—"Do States, like Individuals, inevitably tend, after a period of maturity, to decay?"—was one which would naturally attract a mind like his; and it is interesting to notice that the opinions expressed in this early composition were retained by its writer to the close of his life. His mind was exempt from those gyrations which contemporary statesmen have exhibited. He never believed that the security of a state is dependent upon its form of government or a wide dominion, a well-filled treasury, "a ministry of all the talents." The soundness of the national conscience he thought was that which alone could make the nation sound; but the study of ancient history led him to fear that "not all the prudence of the legislator, not all the art of the ruler, can avail to eradicate that principle of corruption which is ever slowly, but surely, working the downfall of all human prosperity." Perhaps the opinions of a youthful graduate, expressed in an academic exercise, may not be of much account; but at least they show that, from the very outset of his career, Stafford Northcote saw that religion and piety were the only remedies for the inevitable sickness of a state. To this conviction he adhered throughout his life, and never hesitated to act upon it.

The *horæ subsecivæ* of a modern statesman are, of course, far too brief for solid literary work. In the rare moments when Stafford Northcote could escape from the world of politics into the world of letters, he naturally sought recreation for his own overtaxed mind. He seems to have been at all times a great novel-reader, using works of fiction as a pleasant remedy for the effects of excessive study; and he has, therefore, a good word to say for "desultory reading," or at least for a certain amount of it. It is not wide reading, but indolent reading, that should be discouraged. It is impossible to acquire extensive views of men and things if study be limited to any one class of writers. "Depend upon it," he says, "from narrowing to perverting is but a short step." In his choice of authors he showed a catholicity of taste which will surprise those who have looked upon him only as the respectable leader of a respectable political party. In addressing the Edinburgh students after his election as Lord Rector of the university, he scarcely dared to speak in praise of Scott and Burns (for his admiration of them surpassed his powers of expression); but he took occasion to mention another Scottish poet, of whom it is probable many of his audience had never heard:

"I was struck by finding some time ago, when I happened to ask at the London Library for Barbour's great poem on the Bruce, that,



though the library boasted of three copies, they were all three at that moment lent out. I was pleased to think that in these days, when it is as necessary as ever it was to plead the cause of personal freedom, there should be a run upon a book which contains that spirited apostrophe:

'Ah, Freedom is a noble thing!  
Freedom makes man to have liking.  
Freedom all solace to man gives;  
He lives at ease that freely lives.  
A noble heart may have none else  
Nor else nought that may him please,  
If freedom fail: for free liking  
Is yearned over all other thing.'

While giving due honour to Barbour, he maintained the supremacy of his contemporary haucer, criticised with point and brevity Ben Jonson and Marlowe, Ford and Massinger, and happily remarked on the "very little read Drayton" that his "*Polyolbion* seems as if it might have filled the place of a Bradshaw's 'Guide' to tourists of the Arcadia stamp."

Stafford Northcote's neighbourliness showed itself frequently in his efforts to provide wholesome recreation for those around him. If his scanty leisure compelled him to speak "on Nothing," his auditors were not sent empty away; but, if he got hold of a really congenial subject, there came forth from the store of a well-filled mind abundance of apt quotation and well-digested thought.

The study of words had always been a favourite pursuit with him; and, when called upon at short notice to lecture to the townsfolk of Crediton, he very naturally turned to account the accumulations of a retentive memory. Thus, his lecture on "Names and Nicknames" is quite a model of what should be aimed at on such an occasion—awakening interest, stimulating intelligent curiosity, directing the mind into new fields of thought and enquiry, and combining amusement with instruction. For example, the recurrence of the same names (and those assumed) in the list of occupants of the papal chair has puzzled even the well-informed; and the explanation of the circumstance, as given by Lord Idlesleigh, is so simple and complete that it is worth quoting:

"In the first instance, among the popes who were elected bishops of Rome there were some persons who bore heathen names. It did not appear suitable that Christian bishops should be known by heathen names, and, in order to get rid of this objection, names were taken that were not liable to it. In the early days of the popes, two or three popes kept their own names, and they died quickly one after the other. It was consequently held unfortunate to retain one's own name, and desirable that every pope should take a new name. Ultimately the practice came to be that every newly-elected pope should assume the name of the pope under whose rule he obtained the cardinal's hat. By this plan the names of the popes have become very restricted..."

Not less excellent is a lecture on Molière, delivered at Exeter in 1872. The lecturer had taken evident pains to "get-up" his subject (though far more familiar with the French drama than most Englishmen are); and the result is a confirmation of his own opinion that "the power of cramming shows power of mind," and the faculty survives and is useful, when the immediate cause for its being called into action has passed away and been forgotten.

While these "Lectures and Essays" are unimportant as contributions to literature, they afford pleasant reading, and will help to keep a good man's memory green.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

*Works of Thomas Hill Green.* Edited by R. L. Nettleship. Vol. II. (Longmans.)

THIS notice of the second volume of the late Prof. Green's collected writings comes late, but it may serve to recall the work to those who have read it, and to give those who have not some idea of its great importance.

The explanation on the title-page describes the volume as containing "Lectures on Kant, etc."; but the word "etc." includes what is the most important part of the book—the Lectures on Political Obligation. At some time, it is to be hoped, it may be found possible to publish this work on political philosophy in a separate form. The rest of the volume is of a more special character, but these lectures have a general philosophical interest. They form a commentary on the statement which Prof. Caird, in the preface to *Essays in Philosophical Criticism*, reports Green as making with respect to Hegel's work—that "it must all be done over again." In these lectures Green travels over a large part of the field which occupies the *Rechtsphilosophie* of Hegel. They show him at his best, because he is dealing with subjects in which—as a man of affairs who himself took an active share in city and national politics—he felt the strongest practical interest. Many of the important social questions of the day find a philosophical treatment, such as state education, individual property, freedom of contract. I will endeavour to give a short account of the contents of the work.

The lectures fall into two divisions: the first of which (A-H) is occupied with the more abstract question of the nature of rights and their authority; the latter (I-P) with the discussion of particular rights. This course of lectures succeeded a course on moral philosophy. Politics are, in Green's view, as closely connected with ethics as they were in the mind of Aristotle; and the theory of rights was only to have formed part of a complete account of the institutions of morality. There is a difference between legal and moral obligation, because law concerns only the external acts, while moral duties cannot be enforced, just because they imply not merely certain acts but certain motives. But, on the other hand, all rights rest upon a moral foundation, and the value of a right can only be judged by reference to the moral end. The following passages express, in short, Green's view of the connexion of rights with morality:

"The claim or right of the individual to have certain powers secured to him by society, and the counter claim of society to exercise certain powers over the individual, alike rest on the fact that these powers are necessary to the fulfilment of man's vocation as a moral being, to an effectual self-devotion to the work of developing the perfect character in himself and others" (p. 347).

Or, again:

"The capacity, then, on the part of the individual of conceiving a good as the same for

himself and others, and of being determined to action by that conception, is the foundation of rights; and rights are the condition of that capacity being realised" (p. 353).

These passages show the intimate connexion of the idea of a common good with that of self-realisation, which is made prominent in Green's ethics. The self which is contemplated in that conception is, in fact, a social self or member of a moral society. A state which ensures the conditions in which true morality is possible is, therefore, a state whose law is the "jus naturae," in the sense of perfection which Greek writers attached to the word "nature." A theory of the true state will explain "how far positive law is what it ought to be, and what is the ground of the duty to obey it" (p. 346).

Such a moral conception of the basis of rights is entirely at variance with theories, such as those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which trace the origin of legal obligation to the emergence of civil society from a so-called state of nature. Natural rights are, with these theories, those which belong to a man *before* his entrance into society. Accordingly, Green examines these theories in detail, beginning with Spinoza and ending with Rousseau. It is very instructive to follow him in observing the differences between the different thinkers, and the gradual widening of the conception of civil society from the *Leviathan* to the *Contrat Social*. What appears to Green to be the fundamental fallacy of these doctrines is their assumption of the existence of rights before the foundation of a society, without which they would be meaningless. This criticism is not the same as that commonly urged, that the social contract itself would imply the conception of the obligation of contract on the part of the persons who entered into it. Such a criticism does but expose the mythological character of the history by which society is said to be created. It does not do justice to the real importance of the social contract as representing the co-operation of citizens in a common work.

Rousseau's fruitful conception of a *volonté générale*, which is the sovereign of a state (however much he himself may confound it with the mass meeting of a whole city) naturally leads on to a discussion of the nature of sovereignty. The result is to rehabilitate Rousseau, as contrasted with Austin, whose definition of sovereignty has been treated also by Sir Henry Maine in a well-known lecture (*Early Institutions*, xii.). Green distinguishes the person or persons who actually exercise coercive power from the "general will," which is the foundation of the coherence of the state. This general will may be described as the idea which animates the state. It is by contributing to realise this idea that individuals do the work of the state. This is explained at length in the last section but one of the first part (section G), in which the main conception of the book is expounded under the form of the proposition that will, and not force, is the basis of the state. The relation of sovereign and subject, which is essential to the state, is nothing but a repetition of what constitutes all morality; and as a set of institutions which secure well being and constrain opposing inclinations "morality and political subjection thus have

a common source" (p. 430). It is accordingly not fear which justifies obedience to law, but the recognition of law as embodying the common interest. The conception of this common interest is, indeed, only very partially realised; and, in the minds of those who make states, is mixed up with all manner of other ideas; but it is only so far as—in his limited walk of life—its recognition is instinctive that a man is a loyal citizen. Green adds, "it is the fault of the state if this conception fails to make him a loyal subject, if not an intelligent patriot. It is a sign that the state is not a true state." We are not, therefore, to think of the state as a mere aggregate of persons subject to a sovereign, but as a society animated by a meaning and common purpose, which is expressed in the rights which owe their existence to the society. The obligation to obey the law of the state is that this law gives scope to the moral energies of its members. In the preceeding section (F) Green treats at length of the questions that arise as to whether there may be a practical duty of breaking the law in order to reform it, when the state falls short of the moral ideal (§101-112); while in the following section (H) there is a discussion of the question, how far the duty of obeying the law may conflict with rights which belong to men, e.g., slaves, in virtue of their common humanity.

The second part of the lectures treats of rights in detail. The design of the work not being completed, all those that are discussed are private rights, which in Green's view are anterior to the state itself, while, like all rights, they postulate the existence of society. The state implies always the existence of coercive force; and while certain rights come into existence with the state, its function with regard to those rights which precede the state is limited to securing them. These rights are the right to life and liberty, the right of property, and family rights. The first of them, the right to free life, depends once more on the free or moral capacity of the person, and it belongs to every man as such, though the world has taken long to recognise it. Out of the relation of the state to this right many important questions arise; for in using its members for war, and in punishing the violation of law, the state interferes with this right, as it does also when it sets itself to promote the welfare of its members by positive enactment. A theory like the above might seem to favour indiscriminate state legislation; but this would be a misconception. Green strongly insists on the evil of paternal government (p. 346) as destroying the spontaneity of civilised life; hence the chief function of the state must be to remove obstacles in the way of moral development. But each application of the principle must be decided on its own merits; and the principle would require the direct action of the state in such cases as enforcement of education and limitation of freedom of contract, where the absence of law, so far from encouraging spontaneity of right action, prevents it.

The discussion of war and punishment forms one of the most important parts of the volume. Green maintains that war is always a wrong, because a violation of the right to free life. It is true that a particular state

may not be doing wrong in going to war; the blame is not thereby removed, but only shifted to those persons whose actions rendered the war necessary. It may be difficult to fix the responsibility, but the wrong remains. And this is not altered by the undoubted tendency of wars to produce certain kinds of virtuous and noble character. We have to hold that no state, if it is a true state, can violate the rights of its own members, or of foreigners, to free life; and where this necessity seems to be imposed, it is because the state fails to perform its function of duly satisfying the moral demands of its members. Hence Green refuses to regard the present system of great standing armies as a necessary accompaniment of the great development given in modern times to the state, but ascribes it to the imperfectness with which the state is realised. The more the individual states remove the elements of internal disharmony, whether in the shape of a privileged class, or a religion owing allegiance to external authority, or from whatever cause, the less will be the chances of collision between states. Such a condition would leave intact the individuality of states, and give scope to the patriotism of their citizens, and would realise the dream of "one international court with authority resting on the consent of independent states" (p. 485).

The theory of punishment is contained in section L. Without entering into further details, a remark may be made as to the general character of Green's treatment of this subject, and of the nature of property and family rights. He is concerned chiefly with an analysis of the nature of these rights or moral institutions, and accordingly he distinguishes between their origin in history in some natural impulse of mankind, and their real character as moral. Thus punishment is founded upon the instinct of revenge; property upon the fact of occupancy, which again is the expression of the impulse to have what pleases. But the origin of these institutions is different from what they are themselves. Punishment under one of its aspects is retribution: it gives the wrong-doer his deserts. But it differs from revenge in being divested of personal feeling: it is the vengeance of the community or of the law, but it supersedes private revenge. The gratification of vengeance is, in fact, a violation of right. Punishment always has reference to rights, and preserves them by prevention; and rights owing their existence to society, punishment is an act of society. Again, appropriation is not mere occupation—for, first, it is the expression of a moral self which demands satisfaction; and, in the next place, it implies recognition by society as a right. It is, therefore, a moral institution. Property is organic to the individual's will—it is not a mere appendage, but a part of himself. And just because it represents, in its peculiar way, the capacity of a person who is capable of being determined by the idea of a good common to himself with others, is it recognised as a right. Its social character is, indeed, more easily recognisable in its earlier stages, where it is held in common, than in the later, where it is held by individuals for themselves—always, however, in its proper position in a social or moral economy. From its being an expression of

an individual will, it follows that it must differ with each person, and that attempts at maintaining a permanent equality are mechanical. But there is no space left to enter into the questions which arise out of this view, nor to do more than refer to the account of family rights given in section O.

This volume contains, besides these lectures, a course of lectures on Kant, and another on logic. The latter begins with a criticism of the formal logic of Hamilton and Mansel, but the greater part consists of a detailed criticism of Mill's logic. It has the same searchingness of examination which distinguishes the Introductions to Hume, and there is the same insistence on Green's fundamental doctrine of a permanent subject of knowledge.

Perhaps the account of Kant's moral theory is that part of the volume which, after the lectures on Political Obligation, possesses most general interest. It has to be considered in connexion with the *Prolegomena to Ethics*, and the editor has frequently and wisely condensed certain portions, the substance of which has already been treated in that work. Besides the moral theory, the lectures on Kant contain a detailed exposition and criticism of certain portions of the *Critique of Pure Reason*. Students of Kant will be grateful for the distinctness with which Green raises the difficulties of that philosopher. There are, in the main, two schools of Kantian interpretation in England at the present day. The one reads him in the light of the development which his successors gave to him, and to the number of these interpreters Green belongs. What is most remarkable in his account is that, following certain indications of the first edition of the *Critique* (which is the one he uses), he holds that with Kant the transcendental subject and the transcendental object are the same (p. 28). This is dangerously near to the assertion that the material of knowledge is supplied by the self-consciousness, and to the idea worked out in the *Critique of Judgment* of a perceptive understanding. It is certainly very questionable whether this view does not attribute to Kant much more than he ever meant by his own doctrine. The other interpreters of Kant endeavour to take him more at his own word, and certainly Dr. Sterling's admirable *Text-Book to Kant* needs to be carefully studied as an antidote to such a view as that contained in this volume. Kant, though making a great advance on Hume, stood very near to him indeed.

It only remains to acknowledge the usefulness of the detailed summary of the argument which the editor has prefixed.

S. ALEXANDER.

*La Religion à Rome sous les Sévères.* Par Jean Réville. (Paris: Leroux.)

IN selecting the time from Septimius Severus to Philip for his most able and exhaustive study M. Réville has the advantage of a period somewhat less often worked over than the religious history of the earlier empire. Yet at the point whence his survey starts Pagan religion is beginning to take on Christian tendencies and features which, without being Christian, are yet shared by Christianity, or smoothe the way for it.

The period, in fact, deserves the closest



study, as being that in which the success of Christianity was prepared; and we find in the volume before us a much more satisfactory list of real secondary causes than those *a priori* considerations by which Gibbon sought to account for that success. The tendencies of which Christianity reaped the advantage are duly noted; and so are the forms of worship in which it found for a time threatening rivals. There was a keen struggle for existence just then among religions, and M. Réville goes far toward showing how the issue was a case of survival of the fittest. It was not, as Dr. Albert Reville once wrote (in his *Apollonius of Tyana*), an "unaccountable revolution" or a "historical surprise," but a very natural evolution. The age was marked by a singular revival of interest in religious questions, a certain disposition toward monotheism, and a great development of belief in another life. The moral ideal, too, was perhaps higher, and there was at least a keener wish to realise it than in preceding generations. Religions had become more moral, and were becoming universal, not local and restricted. But still there lay before the Roman public the widest possible choice of religions (to say nothing of philosophies) from which to satisfy its emotional needs and deduce rules for action. The old gods of Italy and Greece, from Jupiter to Priapus, had by no means died with Pan. The emperor-worship was active. The dim ideas of *genii*, *manes*, and *lares* had been renewed and developed by Greek theories about demons. Thracian, Gallic, and German deities were brought to Rome by the legionaries. Oriental religions had spread over the empire; Phrygian and Syrian divinities found worshippers side by side with Alexandrine gods, among whom Isis, outliving the scandals of her earlier days, had now become a patroness of holy life. Mithras, absorbing other deities, and availing himself of the nervous self-questioning tone of the time, was on his way to become, what he was under Aurelian and Diocletian, the god *par excellence* of the empire. Such were the elements at work. But these elements were themselves mixed or modified before they came into this juxtaposition. The Roman gods had been shaped by Greek thought; the Syrian were more or less Hellenised. Isis and Serapis were deities of cosmopolitan Alexandria rather than of self-centred Egypt. The result (among the Pagans) was a huge syncretism, a union of cults and practices varying from time to time and from man to man, but always alike in being non-exclusive. The temper of the syncretism was very various. We find the unreflecting impressibility of the believing crowd, the reasoned theories of the philosophers, and the indiscriminating avidity of those who practised every cult and were initiated into every mystery from the mere hope of finding fresh emotions. Here Pantheism had the upper hand; there Polytheism. Sometimes the gods were freely identified, at other times regarded as different aspects of one great deity, each worshipper choosing for himself which deity that should be. The magic of the time (as the amulets, the *panthea*, with the attributes of different gods attached to one figure) and the devotional writing of the time tell the same story as the inscriptions. An inscription found at Carvoran, on the

Roman Wall, identifies the Virgo Caelestis with the Mother of the Gods, Pax, Virtus, Ceres, and the Dea Syria (*C.I.L.*, vii. 759).

The resulting diversity of view and practice is carefully analysed by M. Réville, who finds, in addition to all these blind tendencies, three conscious and resolute attempts at reform within paganism. First, there was the Neopythagorean attempt, pushed by the Empress Julia Domna and her circle, and embodied in the story of Apollonius, the ideal sage who was at once the revealer and the model of a universal religion. Philostratus's life of him, though not in direct opposition to Christ, is yet not a romance or a history, but a gospel. Next, there was the mere substitution of an Oriental cult for Greek and Roman deities whom it should rather absorb than expel. This was carried out for a time by Elagabalus, whose god, whatever the etymology of his name, is a mere Syrian Baal. It is to be remembered to the credit of this prince that, unlike other emperors, he caused his god and not himself to be worshipped; yet one can hardly see why his movement should be called a reform. Thirdly, there was the more genuine syncretism of Alexander Severus, worshipping all "the saints of paganism" and setting the example of a saintly life. No one of these attempts succeeded as its promoters hoped. The immediate result of the fermentation of religious thought was solar monotheism, all the traditional religions being fused into the adoration of one principle with a thousand forms, and that principle the sun-god; but more remotely the ground was being prepared for Christianity. Beyond the preparation M. Réville does not go.

But before taking leave of his piquant and interesting book we must ask whether in saying (p. 32) that Augustus introduced "*les Lares Augusti*, le culte de son Génie," M. Réville is not confusing the *lares augusti* with *genius Augusti*. With *lares*, *augusti* is apparently an adjective (we find *laribus augustis* in *C.I.L.*, vi. 451). At p. 53 M. Réville cites *Juv.* 6.105 as showing that ruined gladiators were found among the begging priests; but we cannot get this out of Juvenal's words. Did M. Réville understand *radere guttur* and *secto lacerto* of self-wounding such as the priests practised?

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*A False Start.* By Hawley Smart. In 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

*Frederick Hazledon.* By Hugh Westbury. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

*His Helpmate.* By Frank Barrett. (Ward & Downey.)

*Two North-Country Maids.* By Mabel Wetheral. (Roper & Drowley.)

*Man Overboard.* (White.)

*Patty's Partner.* By Jean Middlemass. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

*All is lost save Honour.* By Catherine Mary Phillimore. (S.P.C.K.)

*A False Start* is, perhaps, the poorest of the books Mr. Hawley Smart has produced since he began to write at the pace which kills conscientiousness in literary workmanship, and

ultimately kills literary reputation itself. It abounds in slipshod English, in weak "digressions," in small but not unimportant blunders—such as the speaking in one and the same page of "Maurice's most serious creditor at Oxford" and of "Maurice's residence at Cambridge." There are the raw materials of a good story in *A False Start*, but Mr. Smart does not make the most of them. Maurice Enderby, the hero, who is a hard-up curate with a charming wife, and, unhappily, also with sporting tendencies, who is pitchforked into the gossiping half-military society of Tunnleton. He gets into difficulties of various kinds, which end in his giving up preaching for soldiering. Finally the poor fellow is killed in South Africa. Such a tragedy is improbable, and is not at all in Mr. Smart's way; but it might have been excused, had it come as the natural termination of a strongly constructed plot. But the plot in *A False Start* is poor and clumsy; and Tunnleton life is very roughly sketched. There is, indeed, but one character in *A False Start* that is worthy of Mr. Smart at his best—a sporting blackleg and impostor, who calls himself Richard Madingley. There is, of course, an abundance of vivacity in this story, for Mr. Smart even when he writes carelessly writes vivaciously. But, all things considered, it is a very unsatisfactory performance.

There is a good deal of vigour, literary and other, in *Frederick Hazledon*, in which an attempt is made to utilise, for the purposes of fiction, present-day politics and politicians, and the Irish problem, the Irish vote, and the conspiracies of the dynamiters. The story of the Dockborough election, in particular, is rather cleverly told, and is, in fact, the best episode in the book. But Mr. "Hugh Westbury," if he be a new writer, has obviously a great deal to learn. He must acquire the art of constructing an agreeable love story. Frederick Hazledon and Kate Wynnston never get beyond the stage of boy and girl, who quarrel and kiss alternately. Then O'Connor, the dynamiter, is a great disappointment. He is neither sufficiently in earnest nor sufficiently unscrupulous. His sister Mary is a better sketch, but she is a very pale copy of Charlotte Corday at the best. As for the mysterious Arnitte, who acts as mentor to Fred Hazledon, how comes it about that he does not take one of the numerous opportunities that are thrown in his way of avenging himself on the seducer of his wife, who turns out to be O'Connor? Hazledon's father, with his mania for Darwin, is evidently intended by Mr. Westbury to be a success in humorous portraiture. But the humour is farcical, as is only too clearly indicated by such a passage as this:—"I asked him (a retired boat-builder) what he thought of Darwin. He said he didn't know much about it himself, but he knew a man who had a mill there."

Without being so striking as some of Mr. Barrett's previous works, *His Helpmate* is a very good story of its kind—that is to say of its author's second-best kind. Its strength lies in character, not in plot, although that, simple as it is, shows no want of care in development. The members of the Goddard family are, one and all, excellent portraits,

from the selfish, indolent artist-father to Joan, his practical yet unworldly daughter. Of course, Madge Goddard, who becomes Madge Harlowe, is the heroine of the story in every sense; and she is as good an example as recent fiction has given us of a lively and thoroughly feminine spirit that is found capable of standing the test of, and even of being improved by, misfortune. But her husband Philip, though in the background almost all through the book, is not less strong and resourceful in his own less notable way. Then John Motley, the brewer, is an excellent representative of the prosperous, comfortable, bluff city swindler—a Mr. Boudierby that has gone to the bad. A lipping artist is, indeed, the only character in *His Helpmate* that Mr. Barrett might have spared us.

Simple and unpretentious realism is the most notable feature of *Two North Country Maids*. Two girls from a Cumberland village, mistress and maid, tell their own stories, and, between them, the story of their village; and as they have no murders or very remarkable mysteries to reveal, that story flows on very smoothly to the end. Maud Dacre is an exceptionally fortunate girl, for she gets the man she loves for husband, and also the woman she loves for stepmother, while happiness is also evidently in store for her humble friend, Nance Hetherington, at the end of the last chapter. But there is more than simplicity in *Two North Country Maids*; there is power of realising the lights and shades of feminine character, and the effects of one strong nature upon others that are weaker. Thus Penelope Maxwell and Eleanor Erskine are admirable as foils to each other; and the self-sacrifice and self-command of Mr. Marsh, who plays for a time the part of a village schoolmaster, but who is a Marcus Aurelius in disguise, give genuine moral life to Nance Hetherington's naive narrative.

*Man Overboard* is a story on conventional lines, written, to all appearance, by a novice who promises to do better things some day. The ambitious cosmopolitanism which seeks to be equally at home in Australia, in 'Frisco, and in England; the weak father and the strong, because pretty, daughter; the eternal Yankee, with his slang and his preference for wild justice; the contrast between the young English gentleman and the middle-aged and vulgar Colonial adventurer, are all, at least, as old as the gold fever in Australia. Oxenham's accidental fall into the sea which bears the appearance of homicide, and the consequent blackmailing of the poor feeble Campbell by the masterful and unscrupulous Wilson, do not strike one as original. Yet the daily life on board the *Tasmania* is reproduced in, perhaps, too lively a style. Eleanor Campbell makes an excellent saloon heroine, in spite of her incumbence of a weak-minded father; and Hugh Oxenham does credit to the trim-built, lawn-tennis, amateur-theatrical, straight-from-the-shoulder type of Englishman. It may be doubted, however, whether such a good fellow would air his quarter-sessions law on the deck of a ship in this fashion:

"It is an axiom in British law, afloat as well as ashore, that a man is responsible for the acts of his subordinates. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*. The butcher is your subordinate.

He let the dog loose, and therefore you let him loose."

The writer of *Man Overboard* has a genuine gift of humour which, when it is better disciplined than it is at present, will stand him in good stead.

A certain vulgarity—the vulgarity of under-breeding rather than of moral coarseness in the grain—pervades *Patty's Partner*. It is seen more particularly in the Tramberley household, in the not very elevated social ambitions of Patty Ursk, and in the whole tribe of Swifts and Dobbies and Markses to which she belongs. The languid love affair between Lady Muriel Alston and Captain Christian is unsatisfactory, for it has not even the sensual reality of a *liaison* to commend it. In spite of the numerous imperfections of *Patty's Partner*, however, there is so much movement and variety in it that it will be found much more readable than many a better book.

*All is lost save Honour* is, in a sense, an absolute contrast to *Patty's Partner*. There is no character in it that is vulgar; there is hardly one that is plain. It is full of English refinement and Norman stateliness, which even a lady's maid's English and a valet's rascality fail to besmirch. The plot is simple in the extreme. A gallant young Frenchman finds, through the death-bed confession of his mother, that the property which he has been brought up to believe is his, belongs in reality, if not in strict law, to another. He sets about discovering the true owner, and, of course, finds her in the lady whom he subsequently makes his wife. Simple in plot, as it is, and not specially remarkable in other respects, *All is lost save Honour* is an agreeable, high-toned, and well-constructed little story. The English in which it is written is as much above reproach as the morality of its plot. One character is drawn with undoubted cleverness, and exhibits not a little refined humour—M. du Chaillu, a French provincial lawyer.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

#### SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE.

*Lyrical Poems*. By R. W. Dixon. (Privately printed). At first sight of the thin wide-margined pamphlets that issue from Mr. Daniel's press, the critic of casual poetry, who has been through a score of little volumes in his easy chair, pulls himself together for half-an-hour with poems which look as if they will be "vocal" only to the "intelligent," in the Strawberry Hill sense of the word. And the first glance at Canon Dixon's volume confirms the impression. "Ulysses and Calypso," notes the critic, "Mercury to Prometheus," and he smiles to himself at the vanity of classicism. Then he opens the thin pamphlet midway and plunges, and this is what he finds:

ODE: THE SPIRIT WOODED.

"Art thou gone so far,  
Beyond the poplar tops, beyond the sunset bar,  
Beyond the purple cloud that swells on high,  
In the tender fields of sky?"

"Leanest thou thy head  
On sunset's golden breadth? is thy wide hair  
spread  
To his solemn kisses? Yet grow thou not pale  
As he pales and dies: nor more my eyes avail  
To search his cloud-drawn bed.

"O come thou again!  
Be seen on the falling slope: let thy footsteps  
pass  
Where the river cuts with his blue scythe the  
grass:  
Be heard in the voice that across the river comes  
From the distant wood, even when the stilly  
rain  
Is made to cease by light winds: come again,  
As out of yon grey glooms,  
When the cloud groves luminous and shiftily riven,  
Forth comes the moon the sweet surprise of heaven:  
And her footfall light  
Drops on the multiplied wave: her face is seen  
In evening's pallor green:  
And she waxes bright  
With the death of the tinted air: yea brighter  
grows  
In sunset's gradual close.  
To earth from heaven comes she,  
So come thou to me.

"Oh, lay thou thy head  
On sunset's breadth of gold, thy hair bespread  
In his solemn kisses; but grow thou not pale  
As he pales and dies, lest eye no more avail  
To search thy cloud-drawn bed.

"Can the weeping eye  
Always feel light through mists that never dry?  
Can empty arms alone for ever fill  
Enough the breast? Can echo answer still,  
When the voice has ceased to cry?"

In other words, he has come upon an ode which takes rank with the finest in English. After that he makes further discoveries. There is an "Ode to Fancy" which haunts him; there are songs which sing themselves; there are lines scattered all about which seem to interpret theories he once read about the province of the "imagination" in poetry.

"Morning o'er all the lands  
Rises with clasped hands,"

Indeed, he would not like to be asked too suddenly why this is all only minor poetry, as it must be since he is writing only a minor review of it. We should add that this dainty little volume, though issued from a private press, can be obtained from Mr. Gee, High Street, Oxford.

*Rhymes and Renderings*. (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes.) This little book has one peculiarity. If the table of contents be trustworthy, those contents are by a considerable variety of writers, whose initials are revealed to us, but not their identity. As a rule such collections vary between the excellent and the merely passable; but *Rhymes and Renderings* appears to us of curiously equal merit throughout, though there is nothing to raise it to a level with the somewhat analogous Oxford volume, *Love in Idleness*, which should be saved from oblivion by "In Scheria." Of the sonnets with which the book opens, that by "H. L. O." commencing "Men tell me of a map of destiny," seems to us the most powerful. The university of Praed and Trevelyan can surely produce better jesting than the very flat "Non Possumus" (pp. 31-4). The ballads are better—that of "The Sanguine Agriculturalist" really laughable, though flimsy. The renderings are very rhythmic and melodious; of the Eastern poems as translations we cannot judge, but that from Hafiz (pp. 43-4) and the following fragment are very powerful as poems. Of the remainder we like those from the Italian best, especially those from Filicaia and Manzoni's Ode on the Death of Napoleon. The rondel at the end sums up the graceful little volume gracefully:

"Keep the flowers a breath of scent?  
Pipe the song-birds in our cages?  
If an hour our book engages  
Seems the hour not all ill-spent?  
'Twas the sum of our intent."

*Lyrics of the Sea, &c.* By E. H. Brodie. (Bell.) As a poet, Mr. Brodie seems to us to



take a very respectable rank; as a translator of Virgil, he is unsuccessful. He is poet enough to put some fine lines into "The Love and Death of Dido"—the birth of Rumour, for instance (*Æn.* iv., ll. 180-1), is well rendered:

"Adding this latest of all monstrous things,  
A final prodigy of feet and wings."

But who can read with patience Dido's prospective infidelity to the memory of Sichæus (l. 19):

"Hinc uni forsan potui succumbere culpæ"

in this form:

"Still might I yield, whatever doubts perplex,  
Perchance to this one weakness of our sex."

As if infidelity were limited to women, and Dido's tragic fall something to be reckoned with love of dress, or gossip! The same flatness reappears too often—e.g., ll. 427-8:

"I never stirred his sire Anchises' bones,  
Why then his ears so deaf to pity's tones?"

And in ll. 691-2 (p. 148), scansion, grammar, and punctuation, are alike defective:

"With wandering eyes she sought high heaven's light,  
And groaned when found revolting at the sight."

The translations from Chateaubriand's songs in *Atala* are much better, and show a metrical grace which rarely leaves Mr. Brodie. The two poems which give their name to the book, "To the Champion Sea" and "Ocean the Discoverer," are of high merit. The latter, recounting the triumphs of naval daring, from the voyage of Argo and the Periplus to the noble death of Franklin, contains some passages that stir the blood like Scott's trumpet-blasts—e.g., p. 24:

"Who does not know  
Of Hudson and his splendid woe?  
Why name ten thousand more as brave,  
The peaceful warriors of the wave,  
From the first pioneers of old  
To them who yesterday grew cold?  
What grander souls were ever tried  
With Faith for pilot, Hope for guide?  
Enthusiasts, dreamers, if you will,  
God send such glorious dreamers still!"

"Vox et Præterea Nihil," which Mr. Brodie calls "A Political Fable," is a delightfully comic sketch of the rivalry of the numbers, ending with the indisputable triumph of O! The idea, we fancy, is not new, but it is worked out in the metre, and with some of the dexterous fancy, of Pope. Its political application seems to us not a little forced and unnatural. Can no one vaccinate modern poetry—for Mr. Brodie is a poet—against the plague of party politics? Of the lesser poems, "Hope and Memory" and "Dunnet Head" seem to us most striking; and, among the sonnets, "Sleeplessness" (p. 191) and "Good Night" (p. 171)—the latter closes with gravely beautiful lines:

"Night's alien charm makes a new landscape there,  
With slow full stream repeating bank and tree,  
While on her march the moon austere grand  
Looks down, and silvers all a willow land."

*The Doctor, and other Poems.* By T. E. Brown. (Sonnenschein.) The three poems contained in this volume, like those in the author's former book, *Fo'c'sle Yarns*, are stories supposed to be told by an old Manx sailor to his shipmates. We are not quite sure whether the ruggedness of Mr. Brown's verse is due to art or to the want of art. It is in harmony with the character of the speaker and his quaint Manx English, but sometimes it seems to degenerate into a mere mannerism that has no justification in dramatic fitness. However, whether in spite of the unmusical verse

or by the help of it, "The Doctor" is a poem of more than extraordinary power, which nobody who has read it will easily forget. Few poets of rustic life have achieved a finer piece of portraiture than the character of honest Thomas Baynes, as it reveals itself in his way of telling the story of "Docthor Bell." A great man, in Tom Baynes's estimation, was the Doctor, with his miraculous learning and skill, his handsome face and form, and his frank, kindly ways; but he had "one fault," and though the old sailor owns that he likes a glass now and then himself, it troubled him to see the Doctor—"the clever he was, and a gentleman born"—sitting in the tavern parlour with the fishermen, and often carried home by them after midnight. It was a great pity, but not so very strange when you knew what the Doctor's history had been. When he was young, and "the prettiest man in London town," he had loved, and been loved by, the daughter of "a man they was callin' 'Sir John.'" But when the father discovered the truth he was terribly angry, and "Miss Harriet" was sent away "to a place they calls the Continent." Her lover, after wandering up and down in "them foreign parts" in vain efforts to find her, fell ill, and came to the little Manx village in search of quiet. He had not long been there when the cholera broke out. The Doctor won the reverence of the villagers by his skill and devotion, and at last was himself stricken down by the disease. When he recovered, he yielded to the prayer of his neighbours that he should establish himself in practice in the village; and he married, out of compassion, an uneducated girl who had fallen madly in love with him, and had helped to nurse him through his illness. The marriage was unhappy; and after many years, when the third child had been born, a letter came from "Miss Harriet" to awaken in the Doctor the memory of his lost love, and to turn his wife's growing indifference into sullen hatred, not only for her husband, but also for her youngest child. It was then that the Doctor began to seek forgetfulness of his troubles in drink. After a time the wife died; the two elder children took to evil courses; but the youngest, neglected and treated with cruelty by her brother and sister, grew up a lady of Nature's own, to become her father's good angel, and at last to win him back to habits of self-control. One summer evening a yacht comes to anchor in the bay, and a servant is sent ashore to find a doctor to attend a lady on board. Doctor Bell goes in obedience to the summons. It is too late for his skill to avail, but in the dying Lady Brockley he recognises—it is needless to say whom, for, like Tom Baynes's audience, the reader will have "known it was coming." The people remembered how Lord Brockley said to the Doctor at the grave-side, "I had her truth, and you had her love." In the end Lord Brockley's son marries Katy Bell, and the Doctor spends his declining years, honoured and happy, in his daughter's English home. The story is admirably told, but the best passages would lose so much by removal from their context that quotation would be an injustice to the author. The two other poems, "Kitty of the Sherragh Vane" and "The Schoolmasters," though not equal to "The Doctor," are well worth reading. Mr. Brown is not a great poet, but there are many works of great poets which we would more willingly lose than this delightful volume.

*In Fancy Dress.* By Mark André Raffalovich. (Walter Scott.) Probably the best pieces in Mr. Raffalovich's new volume are its sonnets, which are careful in construction and accurate in finish. The author possesses some lyrical power, though his verses are too frequently marred by harsh and faulty lines. The following, from the series entitled "Rose Leaves

when the Rose is Dead," is certainly graceful and musical:

"O from the lashes of disdain,  
And from the smile of scorn,  
And from the eyes and lips of pain,  
And from the pale cheeks worn,  
"I saw great beauty dawn and rise,  
And wondered if the flame  
That lit this face and these dark eyes  
From night or morning came.  
"Was it the moon's light or the sun's  
That fell upon me there—  
The light that was on Latmos once,  
Or daylight's common glare?"

The whole book, however, is a thing of exceedingly filmy texture, subjective in the extreme, with many extravagant conceits and affectations, altogether wanting in high aim and intellectual grasp, and in no kind of contact with the actual facts of human life. Much in it, to use a line of the author's, is

"Too sickly, faint,  
To please a healthy sinner or a saint."

It is a relief to turn from verses which sing, with wearisome reiteration the charms of "hair the colour of gilt bay leaves" and the pathos of what a "sweet voice bitter plaintive" says, to "Mrs. Churson," the one poem in the book that has in it the slightest touch of the narrative, and to find some faint echo of "Don Juan" in the sharpness and the cynicism of its occasionally clever verses.

*Cherry Blossoms.* Poems by Greece C. Dutt. (Fisher Unwin.) This pretty volume is apparently the work of a member of the gifted Bengali family, several of whose members have attained literary distinction. It displays very considerable craftsmanship; and one may read for many pages without meeting with anything to suggest the hand of a foreigner. Besides his remarkable skill in English versification, Mr. Dutt has evidently a knowledge of French and German, and is a keen observer of nature, as well European as Indian. If it be said that he proves himself a student rather of the classical school of our literature than of the romantic, the remark need not be taken as a reproach; for a writer may have worse models than Gray, Cowper, and Wordsworth. The poetry shows culture and sincerity, and will compare very favourably with a good deal of the verse produced by contemporary Englishmen. He can sympathise with Europeans of various nations, without forgetting the claims of his own wonderful country.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & Co. will publish next week a collection entitled *Victorian Hymns*, as a representative volume of the English sacred songs written or published during the past fifty years of the Queen's reign. It is dedicated by special permission to Her Majesty, and is a book of exceptional beauty in regard to paper, printing, and binding.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have in the press an important treatise on *The Silver Pound and England's Monetary Policy since the Restoration*, by Mr. S. Dana Horton. As the first exhaustive treatment of the subject since the time of Lord Liverpool's treatise on the Coins of the Realm, this book is likely to excite considerable attention, especially as the questions involved are now being examined by a Royal Commission.

ANOTHER copyright work is about to appear in Cassell's "National Library." Mr. Thomas Woolner has kindly placed at the disposal of the publishers his well-known poem, "My Beautiful Lady," and has made various revisions

which will lend additional interest to its present republication. The poem will form vol. lxxxii. of the series, and will be published on July 10.

MR. WILLIAM LUCAS SARGENT, the Birmingham manufacturer, whose writings on social questions first attracted attention as long ago as 1856, is now going to break the silence he has maintained since 1874 by the publication of a book entitled *Inductive Political Economy*, which is to a great extent an attack upon the ultra-individualism of Mr. Herbert Spencer. It will form a volume of about 340 pages, and will be issued immediately by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THE Thackeray letters to be published in *Scribner's Magazine* for July will give Thackeray's own account of his failure in an after-dinner speech at the famous Literary Fund dinner, to which previous writers about Thackeray have frequently alluded. In another letter an interesting clue is given to the way in which Thackeray utilised his experiences of real life in some of the most effective characters in his novels. The instalment also contains several Thackeray drawings, and letters written during a visit to Paris in 1850.

THE two next volumes in Mr. Walter Scott's series of "Great Writers" will be *Charlotte Brontë*, by Mr. Augustine Birrell; and *Thomas Carlyle*, by Dr. Richard Garnett.

MESSRS. VIZETELLY will publish in a few days Mr. George Moore's new novel, "A Mere Accident," which is now appearing in serial form in the *Revue Internationale*.

PROF. HODGETTS will, in the next number of the *Antiquary*, commence the first of a series of articles on "The Smith and the Wright" of early Scandinavian times. Mr. C. E. Plumptre will contribute to the same journal a paper on Roger Bacon's "Cure for Old Age"; and there will be papers by Mr. Peacock on "John Hodgson, the Antiquary"; by Mr. John Alt Porter on "Some Garter Kings-at-Arms"; and by Mr. McClintock on Mellifont Abbey, &c.

*Walks in the Ardennes*, edited by Mr. Percy Lindley, describing the less known valleys and forests of the Belgian, Luxemburg, and German Ardennes, with cycling, driving, boating, fishing, and shooting notes, will be published next week. The illustrations are by Mr. J. F. Weedon.

THE next volume in the series of "Epochs of Church History," will be *The Church and the Puritans*, by Mr. H. D. Wakeman, of All Souls College, Oxford.

MRS. MOLESWORTH will contribute to *Little Folks' Magazine* a new serial story called "Aunt Clotilda's Guests," beginning with the July number.

MR. F. HAVERFIELD, of Lancing College, will shortly offer some more copies of his *Topographical Model of Syracuse* to subscription at thirty-six shillings. The first subscription copies have all been sold.

#### UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

IN addition to the usual honorary degrees conferred at the Encaenia, the university of Oxford also propose to confer by diploma, on the preceding day (Tuesday, June 21), the degree of D.C.L. upon the King of Denmark, and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught.

THE General Board of Studies at Cambridge have approved Mr. James Ward and Mr. F. O. Orpen, both of Trinity College, for the degree of Doctor in Science.

THE present year, being the two hundredth anniversary of the publication of the *Principia*, "Isaac Newton" has been chosen as the subject of the Chancellor's gold medal at Cam-

bridge for an English poem. The subject for the next Newdigate prize at Oxford is "Gordon in Africa."

DR. WILLIAM HUNTER, of Edinburgh, has been elected to the first studentship in pathology on the John Lucas Walker trust at Cambridge.

INDIAN students at Cambridge have hitherto been permitted to offer either Sanskrit or Arabic in substitution for Greek in the Previous Examination. Since, however, Japanese students have requested that they may be allowed to substitute Chinese, it is now proposed to pass a uniform regulation for all "natives of Asia," substituting papers in English literature for the usual papers in Greek.

IN response to an appeal for a permanent fund for local lectures in connexion with the University of Cambridge, subscriptions have been received to the total amount of nearly £1,150, including £100 from the Marquis of Ripon, and £246 from Mr. T. W. Powell.

ON Monday last, June 13, the House of Lords decided a case of importance to all university teachers. A bookseller at Glasgow had published a book entitled *Aids to the Study of Moral Philosophy*, which consisted substantially of Prof. Caird's lectures as taken down in shorthand by a student attending his class. The Court of Session in Scotland, by a considerable majority of judges, held that Prof. Caird had no legal right to restrain the publication. But the House of Lords has now reversed that judgment, on the broad grounds that the delivery of lectures to his class by a university professor is not a dedication of them to the public for all purposes; and that a pupil is under an implied contract not to publish what he may hear, though he may take notes for his own use. The question, it may be as well to remark, is not one of copyright properly so called, for copyright can arise only after publication. It depends rather upon an inherent right of property, not based upon any statute, which is analogous to property in a MS. or a play before it is printed. In short, the case is covered by Lord Eldon's well-known decision with regard to Abernethy; and the subsequent section in the Copyright Act, which might seem to deprive university teachers of copyright, has no application.

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" IN ANGLO-SAXON.

Cambridge: June 10, 1887.

IT has occurred to me that it might be interesting to exemplify the changes that have taken place in our language during the last 900 years by an attempt to render "God save the Queen" into the form of Anglo-Saxon alliterative verse which was prevalent about A.D. 987. Of course a rigidly literal rendering is out of the question. I attempt rather to exhibit such equivalent phrases as would have been used at a time when bards were expected to repeat themselves and to indulge in tautology. The appended literal translation will show the great change in style. The phrase "håle dô" is, I suppose, a Latinism translated from "saluum fac." It is very common in the Anglo-Saxon metrical version of the Psalms.

*God gedô hæle thå cwén.*

"Håle gedô, God, hlåfdigan ære,  
 ærfaeste and æthele Angelcynnes weard,  
 thæt heo on worulde wynnum lifige;  
 hæle gedô, God, thå holdan cwén.  
 Syle hire sigora spowende spéd,  
 syle hire symble sæles brúcan,  
 on langsumum life on lande rician;  
 hæle gedô, God, thå holdan cwén."

"Aris nu, dryhten, rodera wealdend,  
 tó-drift thå feorran fèondas fæcne,  
 afyle thå the fremmath frëndæda,  
 hýn hira oferhygd, unholdra cræftas,  
 on idel gedô, God, èhtendra mán;  
 on thæ wé settath ære sóthan hyht,  
 hæle gedô, God, thå the hyhtath on thæ."

"Thå sèlestan gifa of goldhorde thínun  
 syle, sinces brytta, thære sèlestan cwéne,  
 on langsumum life on lande rician,  
 thæt heo lange bewerie thå wisan dómas;  
 swá sceolon wé singan singallíce  
 hláðum stefnum and heortum blithum,  
 'håle gedô, God, hlåfdigan ære,  
 ærfaeste and æthele Angelcynnes weard,  
 hæle gedô, God, thå holdan cwén.'"

Literally thus:

"O God, save our Lady, the gracious and noble warden of the Angle race, that she may live joyfully in the world; Save, O God, the gracious queen. Grant her the prosperous success of victories, grant her ever to enjoy happiness, (and) during a long life to rule in the land; save, O God, the gracious queen."

"Arise now, Lord, ruler of the skies, drive asunder afar deceitful foes; fell those that contrive malicious deeds; humiliate their presumption, the crafts of the disloyal; frustrate, O God, the evil of those that afflict (us); in Thee we fix our true hope; save, O God, those that trust in Thee."

"The choicest of gifts out of Thy treasury grant, O distributor of treasure, to the most excellent queen, (grant her) to rule in the land during a long life; that she may long protect the wise laws; so must we continually sing, with loud voices and blithe hearts, 'Save, O God, our lady, the gracious and noble warden of the Angle race; save, O God, the gracious queen.'"

WALTER W. SKEAT.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for June contains a very interesting criticism of Dr. Sanday's historical and critical papers on the Origin of the Christian Ministry, by Mr. Gore. He takes no account of Dr. Harnack's remarkable article on the same subject in the May number, doubtless from not having seen it when he put down his own thoughts. The reconstruction of opinion is in process; but shall we be able to get much farther in England without a reopening of the question of the origin of the disputed Pauline Epistles? Dr. Schaff, an unimpeachable witness, warns us, in the same number, that the reconstruction of criticism and theology is advancing with rapid strides, and connects it with the extraordinary progress of Biblical learning in Protestant countries. But can Biblical and ecclesiastical learning be separated? Must not Biblical criticism be studied in future with a more direct reference to the problems of ecclesiastical history? Dr. Schaff's paper is a brief comparison of the German and Anglo-American revisions of the Bible, and fitly follows the luminous defence of one of the main principles of the revision of the English New Testament by Prof. Westcott. Many will be thankful for the series of which this latter paper forms a part; and students of the New Testament will be not less grateful to Mr. W. H. Simcox for his suggestive and liberal-minded examination of Vischer's recent theory of the Apocalypse (scarcely, however, a "vacation-exercise," as Mr. Simcox calls it). Dr. Dods eloquently expounds the characteristics of the Book of Esther, and Dr. MacLaren continues his sermon-essays on Philemon.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for May opens with a contribution to a somewhat lively controversy on the principles and methods of the new historical science of religion, by Prof. Tiele. M. Vernes, whose bold theory on Deuteronomy astonished Dr. Kuonen lately, seems now to be testing the politeness of the



professors of the new science at Brussels and at Leyden. Dr. Volter, who has a more decidedly speculative turn than most of his *confrères*, returns to the Ignatian epistles, and suggests that the six epistles addressed to Asia Minor may have originally proceeded from Lucian's Peregrinus, the epistle to the Romans being a later addition, intended as a historical introduction to the (shall we say?) Ignatianised six epistles. Reviews of a French work on St. Paul and of Holsten's recent book on the Synoptic Gospels, and the usual short critical notices, complete the number.

#### A MEMORIAL TO THE LATE ARCH-BISHOP OF DUBLIN.

A MOVEMENT, supported by many eminent names from the rolls of the Church of Ireland and the University of Dublin, has lately been started in Dublin for the purpose of raising funds for a memorial to the late Archbishop Trench. The form which the memorial is to take is the very practical and proper one of the endowment of two scholarships and a professorship in the Alexandra College in Dublin.

This Institution for the Higher Education of Women owes in great measure both its foundation and its subsequent success to the energetic support of the late archbishop, who was officially connected with it for twenty years, and who is known to have regarded it with an interest second only to that which he took in the fortunes of the Irish Church. The list read on the last "Commemoration Day" of distinctions won by its pupils in public competition at the Royal University and elsewhere is enough to show what genuine work it is doing. It has become a powerful instrument for the diffusion of liberal and varied culture in Ireland, and has been recognised as such by the strong recommendation for its endowment agreed on by the present Educational Endowments Commission. The archbishop's memory could not be more fitly honoured than in connexion with an institution which had, and which deserved, so much of his regard as the Alexandra College; and it is to be hoped that the appeal of the committee of the fund may meet with a wide response.

The treasurers are Mrs. Mahaffy and the Rev. Canon Wynne; who may be addressed at the Alexandra College or the Royal Bank, Dublin.

#### "ANALECTA LITURGICA."

THE increasing interest taken in liturgical studies of late years seems to warrant the hope that the time has come for the issue of a periodical specially devoted to forwarding this branch of research. It is therefore proposed to establish a quarterly journal to be entitled *Analecta Liturgica*.

The aim of this publication will be to promote the study not only of liturgy in the strict sense of the word, but also of its influence on art in the modification of the planning and arrangement of churches, and of all objects subserving to Divine Worship, from the altar down to the humblest and least considered ecclesiastical utensil.

The *Analecta* will comprise:

1. Original articles on the history of liturgy and ritual in the Western Church, special attention being given to the close of the mediæval period, and to the influence exercised by the Renaissance.
2. Reprints of inedited or inaccessible documents: sequences, hymns, offices and liturgical fragments, many of which, of high antiquity and great interest, still remain in manuscript for want of such a medium as that now projected.
3. Descriptive notices of important liturgical manuscripts in private possession, and brief

catalogues of those preserved in public libraries, with a view to the ultimate formation of lists of the liturgical books of the different uses of local churches and religious orders anterior to the first printed editions.

4. In order to facilitate the determination of the exact local origin of liturgical manuscripts, each number of the *Analecta* will be accompanied by a certain number of calendars of cathedral churches, separately paged and indexed—a collection, which, it is hoped, will in the course of a few years form a useful handbook, not only for all liturgical students, but also for hagiographers and archivists.

Notices of recent works on liturgy will also be given from time to time, and notes and queries on liturgical matters inserted, in the hope that the *Analecta* may thus serve to bring into communication with one another the liturgical students of all countries.

The publication of the *Analecta* will be commenced as soon as the names of one hundred subscribers have been received. The subscription is fixed at £1 per annum; the impression will be limited to 500 copies. The issue of each year will form a volume of at least 400 pages, royal octavo. Articles and notices may be in Latin, English, French, or German. Controversial matter will be strictly excluded.

Persons who may be willing to contribute to the *Analecta* are requested to communicate with the editor, Mr. W. H. James Weale, 15 The Grove, Clapham Common, S.W.

#### THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

##### VIII.

As regards the approximate date which some assign to the Costeriana, namely, 1471-1474, it is based firstly upon their appearance and workmanship, which are asserted to be of that period. Secondly, upon the circumstance that one of the fragments of a *Donatus* was found, as I have said above, in the original binding of an account-book of 1474 of the Cathedral of Haarlem; and as that fragment belongs to a copy that has been rubricated, and in circulation, it stands to reason that the date of its printing must be placed at least before that year. This *Donatus* is printed with the same types as the *Specula* and eleven other works. Thirdly, one of the Costeriana was bought by a certain Conrad, the abbot of St. James, at Lille, and as he was abbat from 1471 to 1474 only, the printing of the book must have been finished at least before the latter year. This latter work is one of the five Costeriana which cannot be dated earlier than August 19, 1458, as they bear the name of Pope Pius II. who was not elected till that day. Therefore, we are provided with at least two dates (1458 and 1471-1474) on which to base ourselves.

Now, when we have a number of undated incunabula, presumably all printed in the same printing-office, like the Costeriana, and have also one or two dates to base ourselves upon, there is in some cases a chance of our being able to group them all with more or less certainty round those dates. In the present case, having to deal with a number of forty-five incunabula, five of which cannot be placed earlier than 1458, we should have to see whether we must group the remaining forty after or before or between the dates in our possession, or some of them after, or some before, or some between those dates. This grouping is usually done by taking into account the more or less progressive workmanship, or the more or less sharpness of the types, which is nearly always observable in the early printed books issuing from one and the same office. But such grouping is seldom very easy, and in a good many cases it can only be guess-work.

For instance, it would be hopeless to try to date the earlier productions of the first Paris press by their workmanship or the look of their types, as the books are all so like one another that they would almost seem to be printed at one and the same time without any alteration in the look of the types or any alterations in the mode of printing. Moreover, we see in the case of Strassburg printing how very little difference the space of ten or eleven years makes to bibliographers in assigning dates to incunabula. In 1793, the earliest date of printing at Strassburg was given by Panzer as 1471; Hain (1831) put it at 1473; Namur (1834) at 1471; in 1853 Bernard already knew the year 1466 as the earliest date; and in 1871 the date 1460 came to light, and, of course, the Bible in which the latter date was found, and which formerly had been attributed to 1473 or thereabouts, was at once put thirteen years back. So again, recent bibliographers profess to have discovered evidence which would compel us to date the works of the R printer seven or eight years earlier than they have hitherto been placed. On the other hand, for nearly eighty years a group of seven books have been ascribed to Gutenberg on the strength of the printed date of a Prognostication preserved at Darmstadt which was alleged to be 1460; wherefore the book, with six other works printed in the same type, was dated 1459, or thereabouts. And as long as this date remained undisputed the appearance of the books never suggested to Gutenberg's worshippers that they were of a considerably later date, and could not be ascribed to him. But when I found in 1881 that the date of the Prognostication had been falsified, and was not 1460, but 1482 (therefore printed in 1481), all the books were at once comfortably dated twenty-one years later, and removed from the list of Gutenberg productions. Bibliographers deal with the block-books in the same way. Weigel, who did not believe in a Haarlem invention of printing, placed the *Biblia Pauperum* (a Dutch block-book) circa 1460-1475. Berjeau, who believed in such a Haarlem invention, argued that it could not be dated later than 1410-1420.

And when we think of the Costeriana themselves, we see with what ease and comfort bibliographers take those books fifty, forty, or thirty years backwards or forwards according to the fancy of the one or other "authority." In 1568 the *Speculum*, and some other works of Coster, were declared to have been printed circa 1440. Later on, their date was said to go back as far as 1423, and as long as the Germans maintained that Gutenberg had invented printing in 1440, the believers in a Haarlem invention never hesitated to put most of the Costeriana between 1423 and 1440. And in this century their antique and primitive appearance had convinced nearly every bibliographer, who laid claim to impartiality and independence of judgment, that those latter dates could not be wrong. To mention only a few: Bernard, Blades, Humphrey, whose impartiality could not be questioned, believed in a Haarlem invention (therefore) before 1440; and Holtrop, the late librarian of the Hague, did not hesitate to begin his list of the printers in the Netherlands (*Monum. Typogr.*) with "Laurent Coster, 1423-1440; Successeurs de L. Coster, 1441-1472." But when in 1870 Dr. Van der Linde told us with an unmistakable shout of authority that Laurens Coster had been a chandler and innkeeper and not a printer, and that the Costeriana had not been printed before 1471-1474; and that the *Speculum*, instead of being a first-fruit of the art of printing, was a very late product of it, we all bowed our heads and said, "Yes, they were printed about 1471-1474." So there was a clear jump, all at once, from 1423 (in some cases), or from 1439 (in other cases), to 1474; and no

one (I myself not excepted) who adopted Dr. Van der Linde's pronunciamento seemed troubled about this tremendous *salto face*.

Therefore, in assigning incunabula to certain dates, we need not have any very great scruples about one or two decades. In fact, I have explained before that the earliest presses, up to at least 1480, were established with no other object and plan than to reproduce, by a mechanical and more speedy process than handwriting, the MSS. of the period; and that, therefore, as long as that object and plan were not abandoned, no material alteration in the look of printed books could be expected. Nor do we see such an alteration. Whoever will compare the Letters of Indulgence of 1454 with the Catholicon of 1460, or with the earliest productions of the Paris press (1470), or with the first book of Ketelaer and de Leempt of Utrecht (1473), or with the first book of Johannes de Westphalia and Thierry Martens at Alost (1473), or with the first book of Caxton printed in England (1477), will find that printing remained, during all those years, stationary, or stagnant; but that, if we observe any movement going on, it was in the direction of improvement, not *retrogression*.

Yet, such a retrogression, which is observed in no other early printer, would have to be assumed if we place all the Costeriana about 1471-1474. We should have to assume that their printer printed with moveable metal types, but some of his books anopisthographically, that is to say, in a most awkward manner, on one side only of his paper or vellum, many years after every other printer had been able to overcome this difficulty, which was unavoidable in block-printing. It is well-known that the four editions of the *Speculum* were all printed anopisthographically; but it is altogether unknown or ignored that we have anopisthographic fragments not only of three editions of the *Donatus* and a Dutch version of the seven penitential Psalms, but even of an edition of the *Gul. de Saliceto de Salute corporis*, &c. This latter circumstance has hitherto remained obscured from view, because those who described these fragments asserted that the letterpress of one side of the fragments had been scraped or rubbed away so as to give the leaves the appearance of being printed on one side only. But such attempts could not possibly have been so successfully carried out, even with one fragment, as to leave no traces whatever of the printing. And it would certainly be a miracle if such attempts had been made and had all been successful with the five or six fragments which have been discovered, not in one place, but in different places, without any connexion whatever with each other; and yet, nothing can be seen on the verso of the two leaves of the *Donatus* preserved at the Hague, nor on the two fragments of the *Saliceto* preserved in the British Museum.\* And, no doubt, the same may be

\* In 1871, speaking, in my list of the Costeriana, of the two *Saliceto* fragments in the British Museum, I followed M. Holtrop (*Mon. typogr. des Pays-Bas*, p. 32) in saying that "the side on which at present no printing is found seems to have been scraped, to give it the appearance of a blank page." But a few weeks ago (March 31) the authorities of the British Museum kindly loosened the fragments from their binding and so enabled me to examine the versos of them. It is quite clear that there is no printing on them, nor ever had been, and that, consequently, no scraping or washing has taken place. At first sight I fancied that I saw traces of printing on the backs; but on examining the letters which I imagined that I saw, they proved to be the traces of letters printed on the recto of the vellum, which is very transparent. As regards the two anopisthographic leaves of the *Donatus* preserved at the Hague, I had occasion to examine them carefully last January; and it was perfectly clear to me that there is no printing

affirmed of the other leaves preserved at Paris, Cologne and Brussels, though I have not seen them.

I am aware that no less a man than Mr. Bradshaw said in 1871 (*List of Founts of Types*, p. 7):

"If a fragment is found printed only on one side it has hitherto been described as 'a remarkably interesting specimen of anopisthographic typography, probably executed in the infancy of the art, &c., &c.,' instead of which it is simply a proof-sheet of the most commonplace description."

But, assuming that the anopisthographically printed vellum fragments, which have hitherto come to light, were "proof-sheets" or "spoiled sheets" of the printer, even then the printer of the Costeriana would stand alone among all the other early printers; for, so far as I know, no such anopisthographic vellum fragments of any other printer have ever been discovered, and yet a good deal of vellum printing was executed during the fifteenth century. He alone would have been so luxurious in his habits as to use, by preference, vellum for his proof-sheets, which, according to our notions, he would rather have pulled on far more inexpensive paper.\* Let me repeat, for the sake of emphasis, the words by preference; for we have, in the British Museum, two fragments of vellum leaves, printed on one side, of the *Saliceto*—a work of which we have also paper copies.

The librarians at the Hague have suggested another solution, namely, that the vellum used for these works might have been so delicate and transparent as to be unfit for being printed on both sides. But then, again, the printer of the Costeriana would stand alone among all the other early printers; for whereas every other printer managed to get properly prepared vellum for the few copies that he issued on such material, this printer of the Costeriana alone would have been so badly circumstanced that he had to be content with vellum too delicate and too transparent for the ordinary purposes of printing, as it was customary in 1471-1474. And yet this printer of the Costeriana must be supposed to have understood the art of printing on vellum better than anybody else, for of the forty-five works published by him no less than thirty-two are entire editions of vellum.

But we need not discuss the point further, as a renewed examination of the two *Saliceto* fragments preserved in the British Museum enables me to remove for ever all doubts as to the nature of these anopisthographic fragments. They have most undoubtedly been *rubricated*, as may be seen from the capitals in both fragments. Consequently they are the remains of a copy that was sold and has circulated. *Ergo*, they are neither "proof sheets" nor "spoiled sheets," nor have they been scraped on the verso. And as one of the fragments is a piece of very strong

on the reverse, nor ever had been, and that, consequently, no scraping or washing has taken place, in spite of what Mr. Campbell says to the contrary (*Annales*, No. 611). Moreover, M. Holtrop, describing these fragments in his *Mon. typogr.* (p. 15) describes them as being printed on one side, without saying anything about the versos, so that the idea of scraping or washing does not seem to have occurred to him. He tells us, indeed (p. 15), that the first six top lines of the recto of one of the leaves have been effaced by contact with water; but he adds, at the same time, that here and there some letters are still visible, which confirms my argument that printing may get effaced, but never so completely as to leave no traces whatever.

\* Paper proof-sheets or spoiled sheets are found. There is, for instance, such an anopisthographic sheet of a (late) paper *Donatus* in the British Museum (Tab. xi.), which had formerly been in the possession of M. Weigel.

and thick vellum, it stands to reason that the printer could not have been prevented by the delicacy of the vellum from printing on both sides. They are simply and truly the remains of a work printed anopisthographically by the same printer who printed, in the same manner, the four other works (besides the editions of the *Speculum*) mentioned above.

J. H. HESSELS.

## SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BRUNN, H. Ueb. die Ausgrabungen der Certosa v. Bologna. München: Franz. 1 M. 80 Pf.  
GUICCIOLINI, A. Vita di Quintino Sella. Vol. I. Turin: Loescher. 5 fr.  
MUNTZ, E. et P. FABBRE. La Bibliothèque du Vatican au XV<sup>e</sup> Siècle, d'après des documents inédits. Paris: Thorin. 12 fr. 50 c.  
PROELSS, J. Scheffels Leben u. Dichten. Berlin: Freund. 10 M.  
RICCARDI, Cav. Stucchi ed Affreschi nel R. Castello del Valentino. Florence: Brogl. 48 fr.

### THEOLOGY.

- SRUFFERT, W. Der Ursprung u. die Bedeutung d. Apostolates in der christlichen Kirche in den ersten zwei Jahrhunderten. Leiden: Brill. 3 M.

### HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- COMBA, E. Histoire des Vaudois d'Italie depuis leurs origines jusqu'à nos jours. 1<sup>re</sup> Partie. Avant la Réforme. Turin: Loescher. 6 fr. 50 c.  
GIERKE, O. Die Genossenschaftstheorie u. die deutsche Rechtsprechung. Berlin: Weidmann. 20 M.  
GRASSET, E. La Guerre de Succession 1881-5. 2<sup>e</sup> Partie. Les hommes. Paris: Baudouin. 4 fr.  
GROSS, C. Das Recht an der Pfirnde. Zugleich e. Beitrag zur Ermittlung d. Ursprunges d. Jus ad rem. Graz: Leuschner. 8 M.  
HAERTMANN, L. M. De exilio apud Romanos inde ab initio bellorum civilium usque ad Severi Alexandri principatum. Berlin: Weidmann. 1 M. 20 Pf.  
LOEWE, H. Die Stellung d. Kaisers Ferdinand I. zum Trienter Konzil vom Oktbr. 1561 bis zum Mai 1562. Bonn: Cohen. 2 M.  
POLITISCHE CORRESPONDENZ der Stadt Strassburg im Zeitalter der Reformation. 2. Bd. 1531-1539. Bearb. v. O. Winckelmann.  
SOURCES Sangallenses ed. H. Winnefeld. Bonn: Cohen. 2 M.  
URKUNDEN U. AKTEN der Stadt. Strassburg. 2. Abth. 2. Bd. Strassburg: Trübner. 18 M.

### PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- FAUNA U. FLORA d. Golfes v. Neapel. XIV. Le genre *Polygordius*, par J. Fraipont. Berlin: Friedländer. 40 M.  
FONSEGRIVE, G. L. Essai sur le libre arbitre: sa théorie et son histoire. Paris: Alcan. 10 fr.  
LEUCKART, R. Neue Beiträge zur Kenntnis d. Baues u. der Lebensgeschichte der Nematoden. Leipzig: Hirzel. 7 M.  
NEUMANN, C. Ueb. die Methode d. arithmetischen Mittels. 1. Abhdlg. Leipzig: Hirzel. 3 M. 20 Pf.  
ROBERTY, E. de. L'ancienne et la nouvelle philosophie: essai sur les lois générales du développement de la philosophie. Paris: Alcan. 7 fr. 50 c.

### PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- KLINKE, G. Quaestiones Aeschinae criticae. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.  
SCHMIDT, F. W. Kritische Studien zu den griechischen Dramatikern. 3. Bd. Zu den klein. Trag., den Adespota, den Komikern u. der Anthologie. Berlin: Weidmann. 7 M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### UNPUBLISHED UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES.

Oxford: June 13, 1887.

Mr. Rashdall has done a public service in calling attention to the backwardness of Oxford in publishing its statutes and archives. The fact can hardly be denied. With the exception of the two volumes of the Rolls Series published in 1868, under the title *Munimenta Academica*, I suppose there has been no collection of university documents issued since the *Registrum Privilegiorum Universitatis Oxoniensis* of 1770, a thin quarto volume of which, perhaps, fifty copies were printed. The *Enactments in Parliament specially concerning Oxford and Cambridge* (Oxf. 1869), and the current *Statuta Universitatis* can hardly be said to controvert the assertion. There is indeed one forthcoming work which is an encouraging sign of the greater attention now given to documents—an edition of the Laudian Statutes



undertaken for the Clarendon Press by the late keeper of the Archives, and completed by Mr. C. L. Shadwell, of Oriel; but Mr. Rashdall's remark remains amply justified.

What can be done? There is still a natural and inveterate dislike among the reading public, without whose aid a literary or publishing society can seldom flourish, to documentary evidence by itself; and until photography and printing have given us far more opportunities of knowing how invigorating it is to turn from other people's opinions to the personal study of an original record, we shall still shudder at the display of an indenture. Even the school of modern history in this university makes no provision for the study of any manuscript evidence whatever. The one person who offered the Domesday record of Oxfordshire as a special subject hastily withdrew it before the day of examination, and a first class in that school by no means implies that a man can read, much less that he could edit, a single manuscript charter. It is, in fact, essential that these barriers of unfamiliarity and apprehension should be broken down without delay; and how better than by publishing specimens and sets of university records, and facilitating study of what is published and access to what remains untouched?

The suggestion which I wish to make is this: that the Oxford Historical Society should be urged to institute, like several other societies, an extra series, comprising documents only, in which all the money of subscribers should be demonstrably expended on transcribing, printing, and indexing what is printed. Honorary editors could be found to contribute a preface, and subscribers would see that they obtain the greatest possible amount of original matter for their annual guinea. The ordinary work of the society is necessarily conducted on less simple principles, because literary form, attractiveness of material and variety of subject have all to be considered; but there is room for both kinds of activity. To give definiteness to the idea, let me state what work would naturally first suggest itself. (1) The *Acta Curiae Cancellarii*, the records of the Chancellor's (and Vice-Chancellor's) Court, which exist for the years 1434-69, and from 1498 to the present time! Few even of those who have consulted the archives know the series of twenty or more light brown volumes containing these invaluable records. (2) University accounts, the *Computi* of the Proctors for 1464, '67, '71-4, '77-9, '81-2, '88, '92, '94, '96 and from 1561 on, and of the Vice-Chancellor from 1550. (3) The *Registrum Civitatis Oxoniæ*, a volume in the City Archives, containing enrolled wills, depositions of witnesses and other documents, from 1321 to 1667.\*

It would be easy to extend this list, but your space forbids. Perhaps enough has been said to show that Mr. Rashdall's views could be carried out, if aided by your advocacy and that of other well-wishers to history and literature, by a simple extension of an existing organisation.

F. MADAN.

#### THE MYTH OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.

Settlington, York: June 13, 1887.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in his review of M. Cosquin's book in the *ACADEMY* of June 11, repeatedly refers to the myth of Cupid and Psyche; and he has also published, quite recently (David Nutt), a most dainty booklet, containing a reprint of an Elizabethan version

\*It is deserving of mention that the Town Council has this day authorised the immediate printing of a hand list, already prepared, of all the documents in the custody of the town clerk. One volume of City records was edited in 1880 by W. H. Turner. How long shall we have to wait before the university follows suit?

of the tale, preceded by an ingenious introduction, in which he endeavours to expound the lovely myth by the aid of the folklore of savage tribes—Negroes, Zulus, Hottentots, Australians, and Red Indians.

By "ideas universally human," such as the envy of elder sisters, the jealousy of mothers-in-law, and the penalties of undue curiosity, he thinks that the genesis of the story can be explained. His conclusion seems to be that the myth was invented by the Greeks at a time when they were in the mental state of modern savages.

I venture to think, however, that a more satisfactory explanation can be obtained by the methods which have enabled scientific mythologists to unravel the significance of the greater portion of the Greek mythology. The myths of Venus and Adonis, of Kybele and Attis, of Selene and Endymion, of Demeter and Persephone, of Zeus, Helios, Hermes, Heracles, Hera, Artemis, Aphrodite, Athena, Daphne, Procris, Melicertes, and many more, have been lucidly and conclusively explained as nature-myths, whose meaning had become obscured, and whose origin was forgotten; while many of these myths prove not to have been of Hellenic invention, but ultimately of Eastern origin. Hence, before hopelessly classing the exquisite myth of Cupid and Psyche as a fragment of savage folklore, it may be as well to see if it cannot be explained by the methods which have made it possible to expound successfully other Hellenic myths.

The scientific method commences with an endeavour to trace a myth to its geographic source. In this case the presumption is in favour of an Eastern origin—primarily Phœnician, ultimately Babylonian. Eros is the son of Aphrodite, and Aphrodite is the Phœnician Astarte, and the Babylonian Istar; while his father is Hermes, the Phœnician Kadmilos. The whole cycle of Aphrodite myths, among which the story of Eros and Psyche takes so prominent a place, is presumably of Semitic origin. To the Babylonian type belongs also much of the drapery of the myth; such, for example, as the wings of Eros and Psyche, the bow of Eros, the bird which Psyche holds in her hand, the dark serpent, and the attempt to slay the serpent, the descent into the underworld, and the early cult of Eros under the form of a rude stone. All these are familiar features of Babylonian myths, and of Greek myths which have been borrowed from Babylon. Geographically, the cult of Eros may be traced to places where the Greeks were in contact with Phœnician colonists. The cult is found at an early date in Samos and in Samothrace—two Phœnician settlements bearing Phœnician names—but chiefly in Phœnician Boeotia, in the near neighbourhood of the cult of the Kabiri, the great Phœnician deities. For these reasons an eastern origin of the myth may be reasonably presumed.

The Babylonian myths are mainly myths of astronomic observation. The tale of Cupid and Psyche can be explained in most of its details if we regard it as a myth belonging to that great cycle of Semitic lunar myths which includes the story of Semiramis, of the descent of Istar, of Venus and Adonis, of Kybele and Attis, of Selene and Endymion.

The chief features of the story are as follows: Psyche, a most beautiful maiden of royal birth, wanders from her home in search of a husband. Cupid, her unseen lover, visits her by night, and departs always before the dawn. The child of Aphrodite, he is a celestial being of divine loveliness; but the sisters of Psyche persuade her that he is a hideous serpent, and she resolves to slay him. At night she takes her lamp in order to discover the true aspect of her sleeping lover. A drop of burning oil falls on his right shoulder, and causes a grievous wound.

The bridegroom awakes. Psyche vainly endeavours to hold him by the thigh, but he disappears. Psyche descends to the underworld in search of her beloved, and after sundry labours and adventures is at last reunited to him.

The meaning of the tale is transparent, if regarded as an ancient Babylonian lunar myth transported to the shores of Greece, where, its significance being forgotten, it was obscured by foreign detail. The bow of Cupid, like the bow of Artemis, is the normal emblem of the moon. The bird held in Psyche's hand is also a lunar emblem. It is the dove of the moon-goddesses, Venus and Mylitta. Psyche is told that her unseen bedfellow, who only comes to her after the shades of night have fallen, is a serpent; and in Babylonian myth the serpent is the emblem of darkness. Hence, the dark side of the moon, faintly visible by reflected earth-light, is the dark bridegroom, who lies clasped in the arms of the slender Psyche, who is the bright and beautiful crescent moon. In the daytime the dark side of the moon vanishes altogether, and so Cupid comes only by night, and departs before the dawn. The scar on his right shoulder, caused by the drop of burning oil, when Psyche holds her lamp over him, and discovers that her lover is a radiant god, is the great spot seen on the right shoulder of the full moon; while on the lower limb we also see the mark left by Psyche's hand on Cupid's thigh where she clasped him as he tore himself from her embrace.

Hitherto the unseen bridegroom had always vanished with the dawn, but never failed to return at nightfall; but henceforth he disappears altogether. Psyche finds herself with child, and Venus reproaches her with the alteration of her form, which is no longer a slim girlish figure as before, but a bulging protuberant form. So, when the slender lunar crescent has assumed its uncouth gibbous shape, the dark side of the moon has already disappeared. The tale now draws near its close. In its fourth quarter the bright moon vanishes, which is explained by the descent of Psyche into the underworld to seek her lost spouse—just as Istar, who is also the moon, goes hither in search of Gisdubar, her beloved; and there, in the hidden realm of Proserpine, she undergoes labours and adventures which are paralleled by the labours and adventures of Heracles or of Istar, who also belong to the astronomical cycle of Babylonian myth. It may be noted that one of Psyche's tasks is to procure a draught of the water of Hades, the water, so jealously guarded, which reappears in the narrative of the descent of Istar.

Hence the marriage of Psyche and Cupid is the union of the bright and dark sides of the moon, clasping each other in close embrace. Psyche discovers by her lamp that the invisible bridegroom whom she may not behold is not, as her sisters say, the hideous serpent of darkness, but the full moon—a radiant and celestial being. The adventures in the underworld are the adventures of other lunar brides, who also descend thither in pursuit of their lost spouses. In the case of Istar and Gisdubar, and of Venus and Adonis, the sun is the lost bridegroom, and the story is the story of a day and night, or the story of a year. In the case of Cupid and Psyche the story is the story of a month, and the union is far more close. They are pictured in art as clasped in each other's arms. They are the bright and dark limbs of the moon, who share by night a common couch in the gold-spangled palace of the sky, though the bride may never see the bridegroom, who disappears at dawn, leaving the pale bride to await his return at night. The difficulties which have hitherto hindered the explanation of the myth are probably due to the late form in which it has been transmitted to us by Apuleius. The names of the

personages, which usually constitute the key to the meaning of nature-myths, are manifestly Greek names—perhaps not even translated names. The name of Eros, "the beloved," seems, however, to be a name of the same class as that of Adonis, Tammuz, or Dumuzi, the beloved "lord" of Istar. Whether the name of Psyche is an echo of the name of the Babylonian Zi-kia, or Zi-ki, or (more probably) of Zikku, the goddess, who emerges, like Aphrodite, from the celestial ocean, I will not undertake to say; but the Greek name Psyche, which according to Aristotle seems originally to have denoted the white butterfly, *Pontia brassicae*, may not inappropriately have been used to denote the white moon, as seen in the daytime floating in the sky. But no great importance can be attached to the meaning of the names. Even without them the myth can be interpreted.

It seems to me that if the foregoing interpretation of the myth is correct, Mr. Lang's savage analogies fall to the ground. They must be regarded merely as accidental coincidences; while much doubt is thrown on the legitimacy of similar expositions of other Greek myths. The myth of Cupid and Psyche, selected by Mr. Lang for the exposition of his theory, may be taken as a crucial case to test the legitimacy of the two rival methods of exposition, which, with Mr. Lang's permission, I should be glad to be allowed to term the method of orthodoxy and the method of paradox.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

#### SHYLOCK AND HIS PREDECESSORS.

Glasgow: June 7, 1887.

Mr. S. L. Lee has, I think, satisfactorily made out his case that Shakspeare probably adapted the "pound of flesh" plot of his "Merchant of Venice" from an older play, apparently now lost. But the fact may be new to some readers of the ACADEMY that the bond-story was known in Europe long before Ser Giovanni compiled his "Il Pecorone" (1378, but not printed till 1558). It forms one of the tales in the oldest written European version of the "Seven Wise Masters"—a Latin prose work, entitled *Dolopathos*; sive, de Rege et Septem Sapientibus, composed, between 1184 and 1212, by a monk called Johannes, of the Abbey of Alta Silva, in the diocese of Nancy. The following is a free translation of the Latin story, with which another is interwoven, from my privately-printed *Book of Sindibad*:

"There was once a nobleman who had a strongly fortified castle and many other possessions. His wife died, leaving him an only daughter, whom he caused to be instructed in all the liberal arts, so far as wisdom could be acquired from the discipline and books of the philosophers, in order that she might thus know how to secure her inheritance. In this hope he was not disappointed. She became skilled in all the liberal arts, and also acquired a perfect knowledge of magic. After this it came to pass that the nobleman was seized with an acute fever, took to his bed, and died, bequeathing all his goods to his daughter. Possessed of her father's wealth, she resolved she would marry no man unless his wisdom proved equal to her own. She had many noble suitors, but, denying none, she offered to share her couch with any one who should give her a hundred marks of silver; and when the morrow came, if they were mutually agreeable, their nuptials should be duly celebrated. Many youths came to her on this condition, and paid the stipulated sum of money; but she enchanted them by her magical arts, placing an owl's feather beneath the pillow of him who was beside her, when he at once fell into a profound sleep, and so remained until at daybreak she took away the feather. In this way she spoiled many of their money, and acquired much treasure. It happened that a certain young man of good family, having been thus deluded, resolved to circumvent the damsel; so proceeding to a rich slave, whose foot he had formerly cut off in a

passion, he asked him for a loan of one hundred marks, which the lame one readily gave, but on this condition, that if the money was not paid within a year, he might take the weight of one hundred marks from the flesh and bones of the young man. To this the youth lightly agreed, and signed the bond with his seal. With the hundred marks he went a second time to the damsel; and removing by accident the owl's feather from under his pillow thus did away the spell, and having accomplished his purpose, he was next day married to her in the presence of her friends.

"Forthwith, prosperous times came to the young man. He forgot his creditor, and did not pay the money within the appointed time; whereupon the lame one rejoiced that he had found an opportunity of revenge. He appeared before the king, who was then on the throne, raised an action against the youth, exhibited the bond in evidence, and demanded justice to be executed. The king, though horrified at the bargain, had no alternative but to order the youth to come before him to answer the action of the accuser. Then the youth, at length mindful of the debt, and afraid of the king's authority, went to court with a very great crowd of his friends and plenty of gold and silver. The accuser exhibited his bond, which the youth acknowledged; and, by order of the king, the chiefs pronounced sentence, namely, that it should be lawful for the lame one to act as specified in the bond, or to demand as much money as he pleased for the redemption of the youth. The king, therefore, asked the lame one if he would spare the youth on receiving double money. He refused; and the king was attempting for many days to prevail upon him to agree, when, lo, the youth's wife, having put on man's attire, and with her countenance and voice altered by magical arts, dismounted from a horse before the king's palace, and approached and saluted the king. Being asked who she was and whence she came, she replied that she was a soldier, born in the most distant part of the world, that she was skilled in law and equity, and was a keen critic of judgments. The king, being glad at this, ordered the supposed soldier to be seated beside him, and committed to her for final decision the lawsuit between the lame one and the youth. Both parties being summoned, she said: 'For thee, O lame one, according to the judgment of the king and the princes, it is lawful to take away the weight of one hundred marks of flesh. But what will you gain, unless indeed death, if you slay the youth? It is better that you accept for him seven or ten times the money.' But he said he would not accept ten times, or even one thousand times, the sum. Then she ordered a very white linen cloth to be brought and the youth to be stripped of his clothing, bound hand and foot, and stretched thereon. Which done, 'Cut,' said she to the lame one, 'with your iron, wherever you wish your weight of marks. But if you take away more or less than the exact weight by even the amount of a needle's point, or if one drop of blood stain the linen, know that forthwith thou shalt perish by a thousand deaths; and, cut into a thousand pieces, thou shalt become the food of the beasts and the birds, and all thy kin shall suffer the same penalty, and thy goods shall become state property.' He grew pale at this dreadful sentence, and said: 'Since there is no one, God alone excepted, who can be so deft of hand, but would take away too much or too little, I am unwilling to attempt what is so uncertain. Therefore, I set the youth free, remit the debt, and give him one thousand marks for reconciliation.' Thus the youth was set free by the prudence of his wife, and returned in joy to his own house."

It seems to me probable to the verge of certainty that Ser Giovanni Fiorentino adapted his version of the bond-story from the foregoing. In "Il Pecorone," in place of the magical influence of the owl's feather, the lady drugs her suitor's wine with soporific ingredients, and a Jew lends him ten thousand ducats on the same condition as that of the lame one in the Latin story. When the stipulated time has elapsed, the Jew refuses to accept ten times the money, and at this crisis, says Dunlop,

"the newly married lady arrives, disguised as a lawyer, and announces, as was the custom in Italy, that she had come to decide difficult cases; for in

that age delicate points were not determined by the ordinary judges of the provinces, but by doctors of law, who were called from Bologna and other places at a distance."

The pretended lawyer decides that the Jew is entitled to his pound of flesh, but should be put to death if he drew one drop of blood from his debtor.

There is a singular Servian version of the bond-story in M. Louis Leger's *Recueil de Contes Populaires Slaves*, traduits sur les textes originaux (Paris, 1882), No. I., which is to the following effect:

Omer's father was grieved at his lazy and thriftless son, who would go from house to house, and from window to window, playing on the tambourica. The parents died of grief. Omer, compelled to get a living, wishes a wife for house-keeping; plays under the window of the fair Meira. She puts out her light and does not attend to him. He does the same three nights more. On the fourth night he sings a sad song. Meira opens the window and tells him she is poor but beautiful, and can get a rich husband. If he wishes to possess her he must be rich, and advises him to open a shop. Omer goes home; remembers a very rich Jew, his friend, and visits him. The Jew professes joy, and his desire to see him married to the fair Meira, and gives him thirty purses of money in loan for seven years, on this condition, registered before the Kazi: "If Omer, in seven years, has not paid back to Isaac the thirty purses, let Isaac, before the court, cut an ounce out of his tongue, and let the transaction be thus settled." Omer and Meira are at once married; and such is the grandeur of the wedding feast that all the people wonder where the money came from: Omer spent fifteen purses on the occasion. After this Omer engages in business as shopkeeper, and shows no sign of care till the fifth year. By the time the seventh year came round he showed great anxiety, yet would not reveal the cause. Meira, however, knew it all from the Jew, saw how she could elude the bargain, and took no farther thought of the matter—"What woman would like to have a tongueless man?" Meira goes three days in succession to the tribunal, and gives the Kazi each day a present; and on being at length asked what she wants, she replies: "To sit one hour on your judgment seat next Friday." The Kazi offers her the whole day. Omer and the Jew come into court—not a coin in poor Omer's possession. The Kazi is concealed in an adjoining room, while Meira, dressed in his robes, is seated in his place. After the claim of the Jew is made and found duly entered in the Kazi's book, Meira decrees that the Jew may cut an exact drachma off Omer's tongue, or be put to death. The Jew says he will pay damages if he takes more or less; but the sham judge tells him he must not dictate to the court, in fact, he runs a great risk of losing his head, and sends for the executioner—"Cut your ounce of tongue, or die." Omer entreats for him, and the Jew forgives the debt, and is let off. Meira hastens home before Omer. "Ah, here's Omer with his tongue cut out!" she exclaims gaily as he enters. Ever after this Omer follows his wife's advice, toils hard, and gets much riches.

Here, curiously enough, we find not a word about shedding any blood, as in all the other versions. I had purposed offering some remarks upon the Asiatic version (or original?), entitled the "Kazi of Emessa," but this letter is already far too long.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 20, 4 p.m. Asiatic: General Meeting.

7.30 p.m. Society of Science, Letters, and Art.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute.

WEDNESDAY, June 22, 8 p.m. Geological: "Nepheline Rocks in Brazil, with special reference to the Association of Phonolite and Foyaitite," by Mr. Orville A. Derby; "Metamorphic Rocks of South Devon," by Miss Catherine A. Baskin; "The Ancient Beach and Boulders near Braunton and Croyde in North Devon," by Prof. T. McKenny Hughes; "The Formation of Coal-seams, as suggested by Evidence collected chiefly in the Leicestershire and South Derbyshire Coal-field," by Mr. W. S. Greasley; "Some Dinosaurian Remains in the Collection of Mr. A. Leeds," by Mr. J. W. Hulke; "Some Polyzoa from the Lias," by Mr. Edwin A.



Walford; "The Superficial Geology of the Southern Portion of the Wealden Area," by Mr. J. Vincent Elsdon; "Palaeo-Botanical Investigations of the Tertiary Flora of Australia," by Dr. Constantin Baron von Ettingshausen; "Some new features in *Pelanechinus corallinus*," by Mr. T. T. Groom; and "Boulders found in Seams of Coal," by Mr. John Spencer.

THURSDAY, June 23. 4 p.m. National Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead: Annual Meeting.

5 p.m. Hellenic Society: Annual Meeting.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A Zoological Collection made by the Officers of H.M.S. *Flying Fish* at Christmas Island, Indian Ocean," by Dr. Günther; "A Point in the Structure of *Myrmecobius*," by Mr. R. E. Beddard; "Studies in the Holothuridae. VI. Descriptions of New Species," by Prof. E. Jeffrey Bell; "The Fossil Teleostean Genus *Rhacolepis*," by Mr. A. Smith-Woodward.

8.30 p.m. Anglo-Jewish Historical Exhibition: "Jewish Sources of the Arthur Legend," by the Rev. Dr. Gaster.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

SATURDAY, June 25. 3 p.m. Physical: "Magnetic Resistance," by Profs. W. E. Ayrton and J. Perry; "Sounding Cords," by Mr. W. Stroud and Mr. J. Wertheimer; "Comparing Capacities," by Mr. E. O. Rimington; "The Effects of Change of Temperature in Twisting and Untwisting Wires which have suffered Permanent Torsion," by Mr. H. Tomlinson; "Permanent Magnetic Ammeters and Voltmeters, with Invariable Sensibility," by Profs. W. E. Ayrton and J. Perry.

3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

## SCIENCE.

*The Fables of Avianus.* Edited, with Prolegomena, Critical Apparatus, Commentary, Excursus, and Index, by Robinson Ellis. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

MR. ELLIS tells us that the present edition of *Avianus* was determined by the publication of Mr. Rutherford's *Babrius*. At the same time he confesses that he is grateful to have been led away for a time from the beaten paths of philology to the comparatively neglected literature of the Decline. I do not think that this gratitude will be shared by many of his readers. The fact is that Avianus, if so we are to call him, is not a particularly attractive specimen of this later Latin literature. The matter is not of the slightest historical interest; there is hardly anything in it which we cannot find better said elsewhere; and even the language is so largely an echo of the writers of better days that it is by no means characteristic of its own time, and cannot be said to be of much philological value. Indeed, when doubts have been raised by eminent scholars whether the work belongs to the second century, or to the sixth, or to any intermediate date, it is plain that the student of the historical development of Latin can only use it with the greatest care. If a *plébiscite* of the learned world had to assign task-work to scholars of eminence, Mr. Robinson Ellis would have been set, I think, to Claudian or Ausonius, if he had been excused from Ovid or Lucan or Statius. But his choice has fallen on Avianus; and we must be thankful for what we have, the more especially as there was plenty of work to be done. In spite of the numerous early and, on the whole, good MSS. of Avianus, the text is in many places corrupt, and in many more it is, if not corrupt, exceedingly obscure. There was room then for Mr. Ellis's well-tryed critical powers, as well as for his rich stores of illustrative learning. No one is likely to take the least interest in the present edition to whom the *Catullus* and the *Ibis* have not been long familiar; and, therefore, it would be as needless as it would be impertinent to commend the way in which the work is done. An anonymous reviewer might possibly venture upon general com-

mendation. To one who has not that veil for his modesty, the only legitimate compliment is that of detailed criticism.

Mr. Ellis retains the name "Avianus" in deference, I suppose, to recent practice and to the evidence of MSS.; but he gives reasons for thinking that "Avienus" is the true form, and it might have been well if he had boldly adhered to it, instead of wavering between the two. He rightly decides that the preface cannot have been addressed to the Emperor Theodosius—it is difficult to see how any critic could resist the force of the argument drawn from its general tone—and shows that there is at least nothing against the hypothesis that it was addressed to Macrobius Theodosius, the author of the *Saturnalia*. If this be so, we have the date of Avianus satisfactorily determined. But I am unable to accept Mr. Ellis's interpretation of a disputed phrase in the preface: *Ad xlii. in unum redactas fabulas dedi, quas rudi latinitate compositas elegis sum explicare conatus*. It is, of course, grammatically possible to take this to mean "which I have composed in unpolished Latin, and endeavoured to turn into elegiacs." But is not this to push too far the "modesty of an unfledged author"? If he had spoken of his "unpolished verses," we could have understood it; but surely *latinitas* must mean more than this. Mr. Ellis passes over it lightly here; but more than once elsewhere he presses it into an acknowledgment that Avianus consciously wrote what was at least a departure from classical usage, and indeed barely grammar. The most diffident of authors would be slow to admit this; and it seems much better, with O. Crusius and Schwabe, to take it as referring to the rude prose version of the fables by Julius Titianus, which Avianus turned into elegiacs.

In the first line, Mr. Ellis accepts Froehner's conjecture, *quinam*, for *quonam*: the construction is thus a little more natural; but one would like to have some evidence that *quoi* was in use at the end of the fourth century A.D. Quintilian (i. 7, 27) speaks as if this form had gone out of use since his own boyhood. It is hard to believe it coexisting with the *loquuta* of *Fab.* ii. 1.

In *Fab.* vii. 8, Mr. Ellis seems to find quite needless difficulties in the MS. reading: *iusserat in rabido gutture ferre nōlam*. He says "*nōlam* is to my ears inconceivable." But why should it be so? He allows it to stand in the text, because Prudentius once uses *Nōlanum*. But what after all is the authority for the quantity of the *o*? It is commonly assumed to be long; but I believe this assumption to rest entirely on the story that the word was derived from the name of the town, which, of course, is for *Noëla*, and has, therefore, *ō*. This story is due to Polydore Vergil, who tells us that bells were first used for churches by Paulinus, who was consecrated Bishop of Nola in A.D. 409. But if we find the word actually in use in a poem belonging probably to the generation before Paulinus, is it not far more likely that the story was due solely to the similarity between the two words, and that it arose only at a time when quantity was neglected? As a matter of fact, *nōla* seems to have been used for a "sheep bell" before the word was applied to church bells (*c.f.* Ducange, *s.v.*). Mr. Ellis's emendation *nōlam* is ingenious, and his defence of it

learned, but the line then becomes intolerably obscure. On the other hand, his *cingula* for "singula" in v. 14 of the same fable, like many of his emendations, is both brilliant and certain. This cannot be said, I think, for his rewriting of *Fab.* viii. 3, 4, especially seeing that the promythion is almost certainly spurious. Nor do I like *inseptum* in ix. 5; one does not see why a bear's attack should be less apprehended in a piece of unenclosed ground. The force of *relisus* is somewhat strained in v. 10: "dashing himself down" would be an adequate and well-supported rendering. Can *capiti* in x. 1 be anything but a dative? In x. 10 *ammota* is read against MSS., in xii. 8 *admonet*, though it is hard to see why there is the variation. The reference to *Ops* suggested on xii. 6 is hardly possible; and the quotation from Vergil on xiii. 6 is misleading. On xiii. 3 there might well have been a reference to Lachmann on *Lueret.* iii. 1050; on xiv. 11 to Ennius, quoted by Cicero, *De Nat. Deor.* i. 35, 97. Hesiod, *Op.* 510, gives a good parallel to vii. 5, and Tacitus, *Hist.* ii. 42 to xvii. 15. On xxxiv. 3 it might have been worth while noting how common this use of *senium* is in early and popular Latin. On *anfractus* it would have been well to replace or to supplement Prof. Key's rather "happy thought" remark by a reference to Corssen's important discussion of the word (i. 397). In xii. 9 *molliter traheret* perhaps means rather "was dragging slowly along," rather than drawing out, the more so as it is followed by *retenta*. The parallel from Ovid hardly justifies the rendering of *præda* by "bait" in xx. 1, as the context is so different. In v. 4 the translation in the notes implies a reading rejected in the text; the use in the same note of *in puris naturalibus* will be a *crux* to some who may not have Prof. Mayor's exposition of the term fresh in their memories. In v. 9 the correction *limbo* is a little hard to construe. I suppose it is "the frightful thing, scaring by its fringe." This is somewhat of an improvement on the still more obscure *mimo*; but the line does not seem yet to be set right. Anyhow, there can hardly be any reference to the bare feet of the ass in the use of the word *minus*, as Mr. Ellis inclines to suppose.

The printing of the text is very correct; but there are two or three confusing errors in punctuation—*e.g.*, vi. 4, xiv. 13, xvii. 17, xxxiii. 11, and in xix. 12, xxxiv. 10 italics are wrongly used. The last two lines are among those which raise a curious question as to the prosody of Avianus. There are at least ten in which the first half of the pentameter ends with a short syllable, which has to be taken as a long one, and two more where hiatus is admitted in this place. Lachmann held that these were all accretions of a later age. Mr. Ellis holds it to be nearly certain that they were not the casual or intended slips of a generally correct writer. One would have liked to have had this point more fully argued. It is true that most of the peccant lines admit of correction by transposition or otherwise; but what one wishes to see demonstrated is that such correction is necessary. (I may remark in passing that if *cornix* was, as Mr. Ellis supposes, the original reading in xxvii. 10, it is not easy to see why *volueris* should have





original should be attained by form-rendering as well as sense-rendering. But mere copying of metre would not help us to approximate to the formal effect of our original. It is impossible to reproduce effectively the old metres in English, for ancient verse was read with an accent independent of scansion, modern verse "scans itself." Calverley had more sympathy with Horace than with any other poet, ancient or modern, so that we find him most successful in translating Horace into English, or English poetry into Horatian; again, in his original Latin poems, one of the most striking is "The Wolf and the Dog" in its Horatian sympathies. His attempt at Greek sapphics is Horace in Greek dress. The "Carmen Saeculare" interests us most as a satire on the Latin verse-maker and commentator. Calverley's judgment rightly confined him generally to comic verse in English. He had not a thorough control over his memory, and his serious expression of his thoughts was not effective. So his sonnets—good as showing his ease of rhyme and rhythm—are otherwise commonplace; at the end of "Dover to Munich" he falls into bathos. The very fact that to Calverley the most ordinary things were coloured by a tinge of the ludicrous actually now and then dulled his perception of that quality in his own attempts at serious work. As to his comic poetry, the theory that laughter is produced by the sudden juxtaposition of incongruities, the more trivial object in the connexion colouring the higher with a false light, and so causing a deception of the judgment, applies to all forms of humour in Calverley as in others. It explains (among others) the *παρά προσδοκίαν* and bathos (these two forms emphasising the necessity of suddenness in juxtaposition), and also the humour of extraordinary rhymes. Some of Calverley's best touches are his form of antithesis, his asides, and his mock serious discussion of an unimportant subject which interrupts the train of thought (Gilpin in "Beer"). He is acknowledged to be the greatest English parodist. A good parody must be the expression of a literary taste; its end must be artistic, not primarily moral; its object must be the expression of a trivial idea in the way peculiar to the writer parodied. It is a weakness to apply the mere phrases of a writer to an object in order to give colour and attraction to an otherwise feeble piece of work. The parodist must be a poet, in order to grasp the individuality of his original, and his work must be artistic, not didactic. Aristophanes's parodies were of both kinds. Calverley is the greatest of purely artistic parodists. His best piece of parody is certainly the last six lines of "Wanderers," in which he has exactly caught the style of Tennyson, so much harder to catch than those of others, as it has less evident mannerism, though it is quite as distinct in its own way. The one fault of Calverley's parodies is the occasional introduction of the personal element (in the Ballad, e.g., and in "Lovers" and a "Reflection"), which spoils the unity of the poem. Finally, it was a want of pathos that chiefly prevented Calverley from being a great poet; and in this, as in his form of satire, he resembles Horace.

## FINE ART.

## THE BOTTICELLI DANTE.

Zeichnungen von Sandro Botticelli zu Dante's Göttlicher Komödie. Nach den Originalen im K. Kupferstichkabinet zu Berlin, herausgegeben von Dr. F. Lippmann.

Die acht Handzeichnungen des Sandro Botticelli zu Dante's Göttlicher Komödie im Vatikan. Herausgegeben von Dr. J. Strzygowski. (Berlin: Grote.)

It is now five years ago since one of the finest works of imaginative art which has come down to modern times from the great ages of Italian design was carried away from England, where it had lain, in the library of the Dukes of Hamilton, unseen and practically unknown, for nearly eighty years, to grace the Print Room of the Berlin Museum. We do not hesitate to say that for sympathetic insight, minute fidelity, and above all for that strongly emotional, yet absolutely clear and definite,

form of imagination which characterises the highest type of Italian genius, no series of designs in illustration of any masterpiece of literature can compare with the drawings by Sandro Botticelli for the *Divina Commedia*; for, alas! we may never hope to see the Dante with wide margins on which Michael Angelo is said to have made sketches for the principal incidents of the sacred poem. Some feelings of regret that such a priceless treasure as the Botticelli Dante codex should have been allowed to leave this country are but natural; yet we must ungrudgingly congratulate Dr. Lippmann upon his prize, and thank him for the promptitude with which he has produced full-sized facsimiles of the whole series of eighty-four drawings for the benefit of students. Outside Italy there could be no more appropriate resting-place for the originals than Berlin, where so many exquisite productions of Quattrocento art have been gathered together of late years.

The first part of the reproductions in phototype was issued in 1884, and the third or concluding part has just been published and now lies before us, together with Dr. Lippmann's concise and business-like account of the original drawings, and of their relation to the engravings in the Florentine Dante of 1481, of which facsimiles are appended to Dr. Lippmann's paper. A delay of some months in the completion of the publication has been caused by a most fortunate discovery, in the Vatican Library, of eight out of the sixteen drawings missing from the Berlin codex. The governing authorities of the Berlin Museum appear to have thought it outside their province to publish the Vatican drawings; but this difficulty has been got over by the issue of a supplementary set of phototypes, which are published by the same firm as the main body of the work.

The Berlin codex, as purchased with the rest of the Hamilton collection of MS., consisted of eighty-eight leaves of fine goat-skin vellum (12 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. x 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.), mounted in a guard book of the eighteenth century. On the outer or hair-side of each leaf of vellum a complete canto of the *Divina Commedia* was written in six columns in a fine half-Gothic script "alla moderna," while upon the inner or flesh side of the skin the designs were drawn and so arranged that the illustration for each canto was opposite the text. Holding the book in the ordinary way the reader would have the text on his right hand and the illustration to it on his left. But the volume was not made to be used in this manner; it would have to be turned round with the long side towards the reader, who would then have the text on the page immediately under his eye and the corresponding illustration on the page above. The designs are executed partly with a pen and partly with a metal point (probably an alloy of silver and lead was used, as suggested by Dr. Lippmann). It will be remembered that the method of strengthening silver-point drawings by the addition of pen outlines was used with great effect by Leonardo and Holbein; but Botticelli carried the system much further, and availed himself of it with the greatest freedom. Some of the drawings are entirely in silver-point and others entirely drawn with the pen; commonly the two have been used together, so as to obtain effects of aerial perspective, the metal point being also used for such modelling as the artist thought necessary. In four of the drawings colour, after the mode of illuminated manuscripts, has been introduced; and this gives rise to the question whether it was not the original intention of the designer to carry out the whole series of illustrations in miniature painting. Dr. Lippmann expresses his opinion that the point is one which will never be settled; and, no doubt, it does not admit of

absolute determination. The conclusion which he finally comes to, may however, be accepted without hesitation. "Perhaps we shall come nearest to the truth if we look upon the codex as a series of artistic designs, which, in their present form, corresponded with the final intention of the artist."

Passing on to the consideration of the general character of Botticelli's illustrations, we must bear in mind the fact that for each canto of the poem there is but one drawing. According to the canons of modern art, therefore, only a single incident, at one selected moment of time, could be represented for each canto. Such a limitation was, however, not acknowledged by Italian designers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Several separate incidents, or consecutive stages of the same incident, were represented in a single composition by the greatest masters at that time, even in the case of monumental painting, the practice having probably arisen from a decorative instinct which rebelled against the earlier method of dividing up the painted walls of church or palace into a number of small panels according to the number of events of sacred or legendary history to be illustrated. Botticelli has availed himself to the fullest extent of the license of his age—a license which it must be acknowledged is less distasteful to modern eyes in a drawing than in a finished picture. At the same time his artistic training never allows him to lose sight of the general pictorial effect, and every element of the composition is most carefully designed, however elaborate or complicated the scheme of it may be. We cannot pretend to justify theoretically a departure from the recognised law of pictorial art which confines the artist to the representation of a single instant. Such a departure, in a work of modern times, would be intolerable; yet some of the greatest achievements in sculpture, as, for example, the doors by Ghiberti, which Michael Angelo pronounced worthy to be the gates of Paradise, are great, notwithstanding their defiance of the laws of bas-relief. A work of art must, after all, be judged by results and not by rule. What an accumulative effect the liberty of early art enabled the artist to produce, and how admirably it served to make visible the course of the story in such a book as the *Divina Commedia*, may be seen, for example, in the case of canto xvii. of the "Inferno"—the descent of Dante and Virgil into Malebolge upon the back of the monster Geryon. There the descent is shown in four stages; the group of Geryon and the poets being repeated four times, each time with such telling action and expression that one is forced for the moment to believe the artist must have been an eye-witness of all he portrays. Take again the illustrations to canto xxi., where the arrival of a devil with one of the "elders of Santa Zita" hanging by the heels over his back, and his action in hurling the sinner head foremost into the boiling pitch is fully represented in a little composition of six figures.

On going through a series of designs containing such a wealth of artistic invention as those we are considering, it is difficult to select a few for special comment. Among the most vividly-imagined and powerfully-rendered scenes from the "Inferno" we may mention (canto xii.) the meeting with the Minotaur and the Centaurs. We would call attention to the perfectly co-ordinated action of the human and animal parts of those creatures of fancy, even when represented in the most violent attitudes, as a triumph of imaginative insight, essentially the same in kind as the expressive rendering of characteristic movements in animals that is so delightful in some of the drawings of our own Randolph Caldecott. Then we would select (canto xiii.)

the strangely-involved yet splendidly-designed representation of the mystic wood of suicides, with its syrens and chase of hell-hounds; also (canto xix.) the punishment of the Simoniacs, whose limbs, projecting in varied postures from the narrow wells that imprison their bodies, show each sinner's character, and how he bears his fearful punishment. Lastly, we must point to the drawing for the giants in the pit, and to the pathetic beauty of the youthful giant's face—like that of an "archangel ruined"—which impresses us even more than the masterful rendering of the nude, especially after we have familiarised ourselves, by looking through the earlier drawings, with Botticelli's skill in designing the undraped male figure in every conceivable attitude. Those of our readers who have formed their ideas of his capabilities in this direction from the picture of the birth of Venus, without considering the difficulties an artist of the fifteenth century must have met with if he attempted to study from the female model, will be astonished to find in these drawings a revelation of power such as can only be compared with the paintings of Signorelli in the chapel of S. Brizio at Orvieto.

Coming to the "Purgatorio" we may trace in the design for the "Justice of Trajan to the Widow" (canto x.) something of the influence of Leonardo da Vinci; but it would be difficult to find the equal of this design either for dramatic conception or for draughtsmanship in any contemporary work. Again, where shall we find such an intimate knowledge of the gestures and movements of the blind as is shown in the illustrations to the punishment of the envious? (cantos xiii., xiv. and xv.). Another phase of the genius of the artist is not less strikingly exhibited in the subjects representing the souls of lovers who do penance in the purifying flame (cantos xxv., xxvi. and xxvii.). The effect of the great frieze of flickering fire, through which those spirits hurry on with frantic speed, is cunningly enhanced by the contrasting rigid lines of drapery in the thrice-repeated groups of Dante, Virgil, and Statius, who are passing along in front of the flames. But, of all the scenes of the "Purgatorio," those representing the triumphal car of Beatrice, drawn by the Grifon, attended by the four living creatures and the Virtues, and preceded by the four-and-twenty elders and the angels bearing the seven golden candlesticks, are perhaps the most wonderful for power of poetic vision; even the mysterious transformations at the end of the pageant proving to be within the artist's power to represent.

Upon the whole, the designs for the "Paradiso" must be regarded as distinctly inferior; and this inferiority cannot be accounted for merely by the difficulty of the subjects and the absence of incidents capable of pictorial representation. There is evidence of increased mannerism, and some decay of power, although several of the designs are undoubtedly of exquisite beauty. For example, it must be admitted that nothing is more poetically rendered in the whole book than the ascent from the Earthly Paradise, with the wreathed figures of Dante and Beatrice rising above the trees, which bend to the mystic wind that ever blows in one direction across the garden. The whole scene gives us an enchanting picture of early spring in Italy. Then, again, the faces of the nuns in cantos iii. and iv. are probably the loveliest ever conceived by the artist; and the child angels, as they flutter through the air (canto xxxi.), or plunge headlong into the flowers, or into the "wondrous tide" of the River of Life, have a grace and freedom of movement not unworthy of Raphael himself. Most splendid, too, is the array of more than a hundred angels ranged in their nine choirs

(canto xxviii.), and most touching the thought that moved Botticelli to insert his own name (Sandro di Mariano) in microscopic letters on one of the tablets borne by the angels of the lowest grade.

Until the discovery of the Hamilton codex the number of known drawings by Botticelli might have been counted upon the fingers. His pictures, or what pass for his, are, comparatively speaking, numerous; but it would be rash to conjecture how many of them will stand the examination of the new school of critics, who follow the lead of Signor Morelli in subjecting the repainted pictures of the fifteenth century to the test of comparison with authentic drawings, and who will now, for the first time, be armed with a critical apparatus of nearly 100 examples. With no desire to underrate the importance of the mechanical tests which these drawings will afford to Signor Morelli and his followers, we are inclined to regard with greater interest the evidence they afford as to the source from which many of the most beautiful ideas in the artist's pictures were drawn. Thus, for example, if we turn to the designs for the Triumph of Beatrice ("Purgatorio," cantos, xxix. to xxxii.), we shall find that the shower of roses in the famous picture at the Uffizi of the "Birth of Venus" was suggested by the "cloud of flowers" in the drawing for canto xxx. This shows us how close a student Botticelli was of the *Divina Commedia*; for, though the lilies are mentioned by the poet, "Manibus date lilia plenis," the roses are only indicated by a reference to the rosy eastern sky. The angels scattering flowers at the coronation of the Virgin in the large picture in the Academy of Florence is but another version of the same idea. Then, again, at Berlin we find a picture of the enthroned virgin surrounded by seven angels with candlesticks—a singular idea, evidently suggested by the ladies with the seven golden candlesticks who surround Beatrice after she descends from the triumphal car (canto xxxii.). Once more, if we turn to the "Allegory of Spring" in the Florentine Academy, we find that the three damsels dancing in a ring repeat exactly the round dance of the Virtues in the design for canto xxx. These three instances suffice to show not only how deeply Botticelli's imagination had been touched by the pageant described in those cantos, but how his mind reverted to his own rendering of it. One of the strangest of Botticelli's inventions in painting—that of the twined figures of the winds who blow the goddess to the shore in the "Birth of Venus"—is also, we cannot doubt, an outcome of his studies in illustration of the *Divina Commedia*, and was in fact suggested by perhaps the most famous of its stories—that of Francesca and Paolo. Unfortunately, Botticelli's drawing is missing; but we are in a position to form a sufficiently accurate notion of how he treated the group of the two lovers who "seemed so light upon the wind," if we examine the print in the Dante of 1481, together with the Vatican drawing of the scheme of the "Inferno," for although that drawing is by another hand, it is evidently a general epitome of Botticelli's separate designs.

In the drawing for "Purgatorio," xii., we may detect the source of an apparently original idea in the National Gallery picture of the Nativity, where the reconciliation of heaven and earth at the birth of Christ is symbolised by groups of angels and men who eagerly embrace. The resemblance between the embracing figures of Dante and the angel in the drawing and the groups in the picture extends to every detail of the action. It should be mentioned that there is in the drawing some deviation from the text of the *Divina Commedia*, for Dante only represents the angel as standing with outstretched

arms and wings in token of welcome. The actual embrace is an addition. Generally speaking, however, the fidelity of Botticelli to the text extends to the smallest details; and, it is, therefore, remarkable that in the design, which is unfortunately only just commenced, for the Great White Rose, the figure of Christ is introduced on the left of the Virgin, notwithstanding that in the poem Christ does not appear at all in the mystic rose, the Virgin having on the one side Adam, and on the other St. Peter. May we not here perceive the influence of the teaching of Savonarola? It is pleasant to find that Botticelli has supplemented the author of the *Divina Commedia* on one point upon which he was naturally silent. In the design for "Purgatorio," xxix., the grief of Virgil at parting with Dante is fully and touchingly represented.

We must briefly state the results of Dr. Lippmann's investigations as to the relation of the Botticelli drawings to the engravings for the Dante of 1481, which have derived a factitious importance from the fact of their being only the second known attempt to illustrate a book by means of prints from engraved metal plates, and from the supposition that Botticelli was concerned in their production—a supposition based upon a misunderstanding of a passage in Vasari, the real meaning of which has been explained by the publication of the Hamilton codex. We are glad to see that Dr. Lippmann admits that the engravings (of which there are twenty illustrating nineteen cantos of the "Inferno") are not of much artistic value. Four of the Berlin drawings and seven of those in the Vatican correspond with the engravings, and show that the engraver, whoever he was—for it is impossible to identify him—had Botticelli's designs before him. Taking some few figures out of the drawings he arranged them in rather a helpless fashion, adding some details of his own.

While expressing our gratitude to the authorities of the Prussian museums for the publication of the Berlin drawings, we would put our readers upon their guard against supposing that the reproductions adequately represent the effect of the originals. Such a result might have been arrived at by photography at a comparatively small cost; but a more permanent and costly, if less satisfactory, form has been chosen. Dr. Lippmann himself points out that in the originals the strokes with the pen are clearly separated from the grey lines of the metal point, and he admits that the proper gradation of tint has not been preserved in the reproductions. There is, in fact, a general flatness and dullness unavoidable in phototypes, which must be allowed for by all who have not had the advantage of seeing the firmness and delicacy of touch in the original drawings.

ALFRED HIGGINS.

#### PAINTINGS ON CHINA, &c., AT HOWELL & JAMES'S.

THE twelfth annual exhibition of paintings on china at Howell & James's is as attractive if not so extensive as usual. It is supplemented by drawings and sketches in pastels—a branch of art which seems likely to prove a serious rival to painting on china. Some very beautiful pastels with figures are shown by H. S. Marks, W. F. Yeames, and G. A. Storey. Arthur Severn sends a beautiful sea by sunset; and that admirable painter, P. Mallet, has a macaw which is a wonder of colour and truth. Many celebrated china painters have adopted this method besides M. Mallet. Among them are W. C. Coleman, Miss Florence Lewis and Miss Scott Smith. No artist seems to be able to obtain more glowing



effect of colour out of pastel than Miss Elizabeth Pearce, whose "Hollyhocks and Fungi" are of unusual merit. The royal prizes for amateurs have been awarded to Miss Minnie E. Clarke, for three works of beautifully painted flowers, fruits, birds, and landscapes; to Miss Ethel Cooke, for "White Peonies"; to Miss Kate Clarke, whose dessert service of fruit blossoms with borders shows unusual fertility of decorative invention; to Miss Amy Chapman, for "Flowers and Fruit Blossoms"; and to Miss Weiss, for three paintings of flowers, &c. The royal prizes for professionals have fallen to Miss Charlotte Spiers and Miss Florence Lewis, while Miss Ellen Welby has deservedly obtained the judges' medal for the best works by a lady professional. Her majolica plaques are treated with fine decorative taste and great richness of colour. We are also glad to see that Miss Linnie Watt's charming landscapes have not been without reward. Of foreign artists special mention should be made of C. Schuller, whose splendid colour and broad treatment show china-painting at its highest. He has the judges' medal for the best works in the exhibition. The talents of MM. Léonce, Tossens, Gautier and Quist have also received due commendation. The judges, Messrs. Frederick Goodall and H. Stacey Marks, call special attention to the ornamental works from the Rookwood Pottery of Cincinnati, which are among the most original and beautiful modern developments of ceramic art. The fine display of the new Persian ware from Burmantofts should also be seen. Mr. Holroyd has been very successful in attaining the true Persian colours, and the designs are bold and effective. There is also a good collection of "Elton ware," which, as usual, quite *sui generis* both in form and colour.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. W. J. HENNESSY has had on view this week, at a studio in Holland Park-road, one or two pictures which were not finished in time for either the Academy or the Grosvenor—at one of which exhibitions, indeed, he is already well represented. The most striking of his newest canvasses is a work in which he quits the quiet greys and greens of French twilight landscape, with which his name has been a good deal identified, and paints with visible vigour, with a full sense of values, and with no restricted palette, a daylight theme culled from the wilder portions of a garden in the north of France. The picture is styled "Oriental Poppies"; and these flowers, flaunting to right and left their scarlet notes, find themselves matched in intensity, surpassed in subtlety of colour, by a red-robed figure standing among them, and bearing a scarlet Japanese parasol as background to the dark head and the grey-red brocade. Mr. Hennessy has herein grappled skilfully with a bold conception, and has shown—doubtless to the surprise of many—that gaiety befits his art as completely as quietude.

THE annual meeting of the Hellenic Society will take place at 22 Albemarle Street on Thursday next, June 23, at 5 p.m. The officers and council for next year will be elected by ballot, and the report of the council will be submitted for adoption. Mr. Sidney Colvin, V.P., will be in the chair.

THE annual meeting of the National Society for preserving the Memorials of the Dead will be held on Thursday next, June 23, at 4 p.m., in the lecture room of the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street. The chair will be taken by the president, the bishop-suffragan of Nottingham. We may add that additional funds are urgently needed to carry on the work of the society.

THE summer exhibition of water-colours and sketches by members of what now styles itself

the Dudley Gallery Imperial Art Society will open next week in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

MESSRS. DOULTON & Co. have been showing during the past few days a terra-cotta panel, by Mr. George Tinworth, representing "Christ before Herod," of life-size.

#### THE STAGE.

##### EURIPIDES AT BEDFORD COLLEGE.

THE performance of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Tauris" by students of Bedford College, London, is another evidence, if it were needed, of the diligence and accuracy which, in these days, girls bring alike to their work and their relaxation, and of the increasing interest taken in all that tends to make literature a living thing, and not a bundle of dried archaeological dogmas or mere linguistic rules.

The many revivals of Greek plays within the last few years—even shorn of the religious feeling which lent them an exaltation and a power now necessarily lacking—have proved that as models of dramatic construction, and as pictures of human life, they can hold an audience enthralled, though a large part does not know the language spoken, nor the literature and legend grouped round the simple action presented. The rivalry between Oxford and Cambridge, between Queen's College, Harley Street, and Bedford College, in the production of these plays has been wholly good, inasmuch as the contention has not been who should give the most splendid spectacle, but which should be most truly Greek. Those persons little dreamed Greek play would come to this who, forty years ago, heard Mendelssohn's music to "Antigone" given at Oxford under the direction of Dr. Corfe, the non-musical parts of the play being declaimed, and very well declaimed, by Mr. Henry Milman.

These stately tragedies lose less than might be supposed from the restricted area in which they have usually been given, and the stage at Bedford College is perhaps the smallest of all; for as the vast size of a Greek theatre necessitated masks and an artificial heightening of the stature, the scanty space has the effect of making the human form seem larger than it is; and an Athene, more than common tall by nature, assumes proportions which might well make ordinary mortals quail. In the "Alceste" at Oxford there was a deviation from Greek usage which was very evident, and not pleasing, in spite of the marked ability of the chief performer. The woman's treble was harshly shrill among the masculine voices; and one was reminded that when the play was brought out the character was played by a man, when the contrast of tones would not have jarred on the ear. If, as at Bedford College, all the performers are women, an uniform tone is still preserved, to which the ear accustoms itself at once; though the Herdsman had deeper notes than others, the voice was on the same plane of sound, with only dramatic differences.

Where all acted and recited well, it is, perhaps, invidious to praise one actor especially; but the long narrative of the Herdsman is most difficult to declaim, so as to keep up the interest with adequate and not excessive action. The difficulty was overcome with great skill. Iphigenia was always graceful, and rose to somewhat of real strength in the scene when, bearing the sacred image in her hands, she takes leave of Thoas, ostensibly to purify the image in the sea, really to fly with Orestes to Greece. We are far from meaning to be anything but complimentary when we say that Thoas, Orestes, and Pylades looked the parts, as well as acted them well; but the ladies who played guards and executioners appear to have some serious grudge against the male sex in disguising themselves as they did. The stately Athene

was always statuesque, and declaimed her part with great intelligence.

Intelligence, indeed, was the key note of the whole performance, intelligence and loyalty to tradition and teaching. No one intensified the actor's rendering of a doubtful reading, as when Miss Harrison at Oxford gave a certain Greek sentence with an intonation which said, "I don't agree with Paley"; but then she has a right to think for herself, which students, perhaps, have not. The chorus was intelligent throughout. Their movements made the most of a restricted space, were graceful and true. We would especially note the fact that all their supplicatory and deprecatory gestures were accurate, there was nothing which jarred as an anachronism. Nor was the music at all glaringly modern. The composer, Mr. Barkworth, had evidently done his work in a loving and reverent spirit, thinking much more of making his music a background to words than a showing forth of his own power. But there is promise in his writing; and where he allowed himself somewhat freer scope, as in the chorus to the sea and in the conclusion, his composition, interesting throughout, was at once tuneful and graceful. The scene, painted by a former student, was highly effective and well managed from the acting point of view. The dresses and grouping owed much to Prof. Newton and those who ably assisted him.

The whole performance was pleasant, tempered only with regret that, owing to restricted space, the tax on the strength of the performers, and the resources of the college, but few could enjoy the privilege of being present at any one of the four performances. It must have given both actors and spectators a new view of ancient art.

We ought to say that a scholarly condensation and explanation of the play in English was distributed in the hall, drawn up by Lady Lingen, one of the council of the college.

#### STAGE NOTES.

THE morning performance of "The Lady of Lyons," on Thursday, at the Prince of Wales's, though a sufficiently noteworthy, was yet a badly attended, occasion, owing, as we may suppose, to the mistake having been committed of not distributing enough tickets among those whose interest is, after all, of most profit to the *débutant*. Many accustomed faces were absent. We were ourselves obliged to leave after the second act, in order that we might not fail to put in an appearance at another place at which we were due, so that the scanty observations we shall venture to offer must be read, frankly, in the light of this admission. We saw enough, however, to know that the performance was interesting, and quite worth staying to the end of. "Mr. Thalberg"—for that is the unfortunate *nom de théâtre* of the English gentleman who was the *débutant* in London—has for some time had an important post in Mr. Benson's provincial company—a company with the largest existing repertory of real dramatic literature, and a company to which it is at all times an honour to belong. Yet Mr. Thalberg, it is said, may not be undesirous to take a good London engagement. If this be so, his appearance and his acting as Claude Melnotte on Thursday should suffice to get it him. For his was a most promising début. He has, at least, an adequate appearance. He can act not only with intelligence, but with fire, being therein distinguished from more than one what is called "scholarly" actor of greater and longer repute. In a word, he is an artist whose performances would, we doubt not, repay serious attention. Miss Grace Hawthorne was "specially engaged" for Pauline. The choice was a wise one; for, even if Miss Hawthorne be not immediately sympathetic, it very soon becomes evident to the accustomed

playgoer that she knows her business. Voice and variety of graceful gesture, and much variety of facial expression, are certainly at her command. She moves well; has an air of earnestness without exaggeration; and, on Thursday, was appropriately dressed in a satin gown of bright orange colour, relieved by large white ribbons, and with a red rose against the mass of yellow. This arrangement in orange and flesh colour—for she wore, of course, an Empire dress—suited the lady very well. Mr. Evans, as Glavis, a juvenile beau, was quite as gay as the lady, and looked excellently, acting, too, with something of the charm of lightness. Beausant's emotions are more varied, and Mr. Frederick Harrison expressed them most justly—gave, indeed, great reality to the part. It was a very hot afternoon, but a larger portion of what is called *tout Londres* ought to have been present.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER is to have a second trial. "Civil War"—an adaptation by Mr. Hermann Merivale of "Mademoiselle de Bres-sier"—is announced for production at the Gaiety on the evening of Monday week; and in it Mrs. Brown-Potter will appear, together with Miss Amy Roselle and Mr. Arthur Dacre. The lady has maintained her courage, and has very probably increased her art.

MR. WILSON BARRETT and Miss Eastlake have begun their short provincial tour with successes of an almost phenomenal order; the Hamlet, Claudian, and Chatterton of Mr. Barrett, and the Helle and Ophelia of Miss Eastlake, having been received at Manchester and Leeds, within the last fortnight, with the utmost enthusiasm. We are glad to learn that, though nothing has yet been finally decided, it is hoped that Mr. Barrett may have a professional home in London by the winter.

## MUSIC.

### RECENT CONCERTS.

Spohr's Symphony in C minor was played last Thursday week at the sixth Philharmonic concert. The performance was excellent, but the work itself made little impression. The music, though smoothly and skilfully written, is very formal, and therefore cold. There is, indeed, little inspiration in Spohr's nine symphonies, or they would not be allowed to lie on the shelf year after year. Mr. A. Randegger conducted his new scena for tenor voice and orchestra. It is a setting of some of the stanzas of Byron's "Prayer of Nature." The music is melodious, and the orchestral colouring at times interesting; but the work lacks strength and unity, for after all the closing with the introductory phrase is but an outward show. But, whatever its weak points, it was received with great favour. Mr. E. Lloyd was in his best voice. Miss Fanny Davies played Bennett's Caprice in E, and Miss M. Geissler a Vieuxtemps violin solo. Miss Ella Russell sang the "Shadow" song from "Dinorah" with great effect, though the conductor by a wave of his wand curtailed her cadenza in a very unexpected manner.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's fifth Symphony, produced last week at Cambridge under the composer's direction, was performed for the first time in London on Monday at the sixth Richter Concert. It has no "programme," but must stand on its own merits as "abstract" music. So says the annotator. But, even with a written programme, we should still judge it as "abstract" music. There is one thing that we can at once say about the work: it is worthy of the composer, and a highly creditable specimen of English art. A short introduction leads to an Allegro vivace, in which graceful thematic material is treated with much skill. The movement is, however, somewhat long. A minute or two might, with advantage, have been saved;

for, when subject-matter is not particularly deep and difficult to fathom, a recapitulation section in full seems scarcely requisite. In the following Allegretto, Mr. Cowen has written one of his daintiest little tone pictures. Of its kind, it is perfect. The audience wanted to have it all over again, but Herr Richter's law forbidding encores is, like that of the Medes and Persians, unchangeable. The slow Lento has a charming theme, but the middle section of the movement appears vague. The Finale is effective, and contains much fugal writing which cannot be properly appreciated at one hearing. The work was admirably rendered, and the applause at the close was as genuine as it was well-deserved. Of course the composer had to mount the platform. The programme commenced with Dvorák's delightful "Scherzo Capriccioso." The title exactly describes the music. The freshness of the themes, their humorous treatment, and the characteristic colouring by means of the orchestra, all combine to render this work most attractive. Herr Richter seldom gives two symphonies on the same evening; but on Monday, after a Liszt Rhapsody—an excerpt from "Parsifal"—he concluded with Haydn's genial "Military" symphony.

Josef Hofmann gave a second recital at Prince's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, and there was no abatement in the excitement produced by the child's marvellous performances. Last week we wrote about his strength of finger, his charm of tone; we spoke of him, in fact, as though he were a full-grown man. And we should have done so in even a more marked degree if we had had time to refer to the intelligence and feeling which he exhibits. If he could have been heard the first time without being seen, we feel sure that no one in the audience would have deemed it possible to believe that he was listening to a child under ten years of age. On Tuesday, he played a number of pieces—including three of his own—and again proved that Rubinstein's description of him as "one of the marvels of the age" is by no means an exaggerated one. Many will be drawn by mere curiosity to hear the lad, and that curiosity, once satisfied, will think no more of the matter. But the more serious-minded, while applauding his skill, and amazed at what they see and hear, will speculate as to the boy's future. If so wonderful now, what will he be in a few years' time! And they will also hope that present success does not mean failure in the future. We do not mean to insinuate that public performances are injurious to the child. He cannot be brought up as an ordinary boy. He probably requires a certain amount of excitement and admiration. Experience teaches; but the world has had so little experience of such phenomenal infant pianists that it must be a matter of extreme difficulty for his father—at present his sole teacher—to decide what is best for him. Josef Hofmann naturally shows no particular originality in composition; and his improvisations, though certainly astonishing for his age, are not in themselves striking. But from all we have read about Mozart as a boy-player, we are inclined to think that, could the two be placed side by side for comparison, Hofmann would easily win first prize.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

### ITALIAN OPERA.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS commenced his season of Italian opera at Drury Lane on Monday night. In theatrical matters much depends upon a successful start; and the manager wisely chose an opera which, in addition to musical merit of a high order, gave him a fine opportunity of showing how well he can adorn and fill a stage. The piece was, in fact, mounted with special magnificence. Mdme. Kupferberger from Madrid appeared in the title-role. At first she was coldly received; but in the

third act the lady, by her powerful singing and acting, won the favour of the audience. The part of Amneris was successfully taken by Mdme. Fabbri, who was particularly admired in the great duet between Amneris and Radamés. Mr. Jean de Reske as Radamés was very fine, both as singer and actor; but this one would naturally expect from the principal tenor of the Paris Opera house. The other male parts were effectively sustained by Messrs. Navarrini, Pandolfini and Miranda. A very good chorus of ninety voices, and an excellent orchestra under the skilful direction of Signor Luigi Mancinelli, of Continental fame, helped materially towards the brilliant success of the evening.

On Tuesday "Traviata" was given, and the performance of such a well-known work demands but brief notice. The Violetta was Mdme. Nordica. At first she was a little flat, but soon warmed to her work, and gave the greatest satisfaction. The Alfredo was Signor de Lucia. He has a light and not unpleasing voice, but his singing is spoilt by the vibrato, and his acting is not powerful. Signor Del Puente in the part of Germont acted and sang in his usual effective manner. The piece was well mounted, and Mr. Harris in one or two matters of dress showed how careful he is to have everything historically correct.

On Wednesday followed Verdi's popular opera "Rigoletto," in which Signorina Torsella, leading soprano leggiero from the San Carlo at Naples, took the part of the unfortunate jester's daughter. She is evidently used to the stage, and manages her voice with skill; but the fatal tremolo cast an evil spell over most of her efforts. She was at her best in her solo at the end of the first act. Signor Battistini, from Madrid, has a good voice and one of considerable power. He achieved considerable success as the jester. Signor Runcio was a fairly good duke. The piece was effectively put on the stage.

### MUSIC NOTES.

MDLLE. KLEBERG gave the first of two pianoforte recitals at Prince's Hall on Friday afternoon, June 10. She played two Beethoven sonatas. Her reading of the sonata Op. 81a was hard and exaggerated. She was not quite successful in Op. 109, although there were some happy moments, as, for example, in the delivery of the theme of the last movement and of the last variation. She likewise gave the whole of Schumann's Fantasiestücke, Op. 12. Some of the numbers were extremely well rendered, others, however, were wanting in poetry. She was heard at her best in pieces by Chopin, and in Thalberg's Theme et Etude.

MDME. NÉRUDA gave her second orchestral concert at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon. Haydn's D minor Symphony, "repeated by general desire," was beautifully played under Mr. Hallé's direction. Mdme. Néruda was heard in two concertos—one by Viotti, and one by Mendelssohn. These two works—very different in kind—were interpreted with un-failing skill and purity of style. A movement from Raff's "Volker" also served to show all her excellent qualities. Mdme. Néruda had no reason to complain of her audience: the applause was as liberal as it was well deserved.

MISS SEIFFERT gave a morning concert at the Collard rooms on Monday afternoon. She has a voice of pleasing and sympathetic quality. She was, however, nervous, and unable to do herself full justice in "O rest in the Lord." Her brother (Mr. Seiffert) made his *début* as a violinist. He has good tone and good execution, and plays with intelligence. He, too, was nervous; and, besides, to judge him properly he ought to be heard in a larger room and with orchestral accompaniment. Miss Wurm was the pianist.